

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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Original.

DURATION OF MEMORY.—NO. II.*

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WE have heretofore simply given an exposition of the doctrine, and referred to its results in connection with the process and decisions of a future and general judgment, without educing any facts in proof of the doctrine itself. We now propose to establish the proposition, so far as known facts can be made to bear upon the subject, that *the mind virtually retains all its past experiences*. We shall undertake to show that though our past thoughts and experiences may be forgotten and seemingly lost, there is good reason to believe that they really remain in a latent state, and that it requires only a new order of things, a revolution in the economy of our physical nature, to give full scope to those fearful energies of the mind, that shall number our sins and place them in order before the judgment bar.

1. In the first place, touching upon this inquiry, we remark, that memory has its fixed laws, in virtue of which its mental exercises are recalled; and that there is no satisfactory proof that these laws ever cease to exist. Their action may be weakened by lapse of time, and other circumstances, as we have already seen; but the laws themselves remain fixed and immovable. We touch here upon a matter of every day experience. The heathen philosopher who pronounced memory to be the "store-house of the mind," gave utterance only to a common sentiment of mankind. In that store-house, what a congregation of thoughts are safely stored, to be called forth as our emergencies may require. Many things may be mislaid, so as not to be recollected with readiness, but nothing can be lost; for we have sufficient evidence that whatever is deposited in the memory, is retained with the utmost security, in the fact that we so often recollect past incidents and occurrences which may have slumbered in forgetfulness for years.

"It is known," says Mr. Upham, "to every one, that thoughts and feelings sometimes unexpectedly recur, which had slumbered in forgetfulness for years. Days, months, and years have rolled on; new scenes and situations occupy us; and all we saw or felt or experienced in those former days and

years, appears to be clothed in impenetrable darkness. But suddenly, some unexpected event, the sight of a water-fall, of a forest, of a house, the countenance of a long absent friend, or perhaps some circumstance of a most trivial nature, touches the cords of memory, arouses the soul and gives a new and vigorous turn to its meditations. At such a moment, who has not been astonished at the novel revelations that are made, the recollections that are called forth, the resurrections of withered hopes, of perished joys and sorrows, of scenes and companionships that seemed to be utterly forgotten and lost?" Let it be borne in mind, that this is the revival of *old*, and not the creation of new thoughts and experiences. How wondrous is that power by which our ideas are retained in the secret chambers of the soul, and how mysterious is the spring that touches the cords of memory and brings forth from its deep recesses, the long past experiences of the soul, with all the freshness and verdure of primeval existence!

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain,
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies!
Each as the varied avenues of sense
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
Brightens or fades; yet all with magic art,
Control the latent fibres of the heart."

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

Can any one reflect upon these statements, which I am persuaded accord with the general experience of mankind, and not be convinced that ideas may for a long time, and through a great variety of circumstances, remain in a latent or imperceptible state in the mind; and yet be as perfectly and entirely retained as if they had been constantly called forth in our daily recollections? Hence, though they do not demonstrate that no idea is utterly and irrecoverably lost; they afford, at least, a strong presumption that this may be the case.

2. In the second place, allow me to allude briefly to what is observed in the memory of aged persons, especially those who have passed through scenes of thrilling interest in early life.

Such persons, while they are characterized by feebleness of memory with regard to things transpiring around them, and while the maturity of their manhood seems an almost perfect blank in their recollections, will, nevertheless, dwell upon the events of their early life with great interest, describing them with all the particularity and freshness of recent occurrences. But it should also be re-

* Upham's Mental Philosophy. Chapter on Duration of Memory.

marked, that in middle age, when the man was immersed in business and loaded with cares; when his bosom was swayed by the desire of power, and the love of praise fastened upon his heart; then the events and incidents of youth, so vivid in the recollections of age, seemed scarcely to have an existence.

Fasten your thoughts upon this one fact, that though the scenes of youth are forgotten in the meridian of life, yet they live again in the recollections of age, proving that though they slumbered in the memory, yet they perished not—that though they slept for half a century perchance, yet they did not die. And if events may thus slumber in the mind's thronged and lumbered store-house for half a century, and then be restored, why may they not slumber still longer, and not die? Why may they not slumber even till the judgment day, and then be called forth by the inherent but quickened powers of memory, and placed in fearful array before us?

Subjects of illustration upon this point, might be brought from every quarter. But one example must suffice. It is the case of a lady who had passed beyond her four-score years and ten. Her children of the first generation had gone down to the grave before her, and they of the second and third stood in the pride of manhood around her. Her eye had become sightless with age, and her mind cut off from all sympathies with the generation among whom she stood, like the relic of the ancient forest among the shrubbery of a new and unknown growth, was left to its own communings. She seemed cut off from the reality of present existence, and to live only in a world of *recollection*. Her children's children took her by the hand and led her forth to breathe the pure air of heaven, but she knew them not. The cup from which she drank, and the knife and fork with which she ate at a former meal, would seem at the next, mysterious and unknown instruments. But the intellect, whose expiring embers emitted no light, still had a flame—a flame that burned deep in the mind's recollections. The mind, that was thus cut off from the world of reality, still possessed a world—a world for the exercise of its thought, a world for the flow of its affections. The companions of her youth, though the rude blasts of scores of winters had swept over their moldering ashes, were the companions of her mind. The circles of her youth were the circles in which her imagination moved; and names that had long stood engraven on monumental marble, were the only names that dwelt upon her tongue. The young friend that called to see her, was pleased with her kind reception, and the expression of joy that lit up the aged woman's countenance; but how often has such a friend turned aside to let fall the tear of sadness, when they discovered they had been mistaken for those that for half a century had been sleeping in death!

Mournful as may be this instance of human frailty, it introduces us to a striking and solemn fact in the philosophy of the mind. It shows that our thoughts, though forgotten for a time, are not lost, that they still live, and memory, by virtue of its own laws, may still bring them forth.

3. But we pass to a third argument, which is drawn from the quickened intellectual action that has been known to take place, in the case of persons who have been for a long time under water, but have been rescued before life was extinct.

As this argument is founded upon facts that may not be generally known, I shall introduce it by giving an example which will illustrate the position and the argument. A friend and near relative of my own, was rescued after being some time in the water, and recovered to life by means of active restoratives. He stated that when plunged in the water he fully realized his awful situation, and thought to himself, "Now my time has come and there is no hope." The strangling sensation he experienced, did not divert his mind from the horrors of an impending judgment. His mind seemed all alive to the folly of his misspent life. As he sank lower, and his struggles became feebler, the intense mental action seemed not in the least abated; but recollections of his past life began to rush in upon him; events that had been long before forgotten and that he never expected would be called up again, one after another in rapid succession started up before him, till his whole life seemed reflected as from a mirror. In this contemplation of his whole existence, his soul was so absorbed that he lost all idea of drowning or of death. And long after he had been recovered from the jaws of death and had become a true and sincere Christian, he was accustomed to dwell with astonishment and wonder upon the singular developments of his mind, while the floods compassed him about, and to declare that he believed it possible for a man to recollect every thing he had ever known.

That this is the general experience of persons while drowning, we will not undertake to say. But it has been known to be the case in a great many instances; and had the attention of those whose calling in life brings them more in connection with such events, been called to the subject, we doubt not but what we should have had instances, almost without number, in which the same phenomena have occurred.

In further illustration of this point, we beg leave to present the remarks of Mr. Upham: "It appears from the statement of persons who have been on the point of drowning, but have been rescued from that situation, that the operations of their minds were peculiarly quickened. In this wonderful activity of the mental principle, the whole past life, with its thousand minute incidents, has almost sim-

ultaneously passed before them, and been viewed as in a mirror. Scenes and situations long gone by, and associates not seen for years, and perhaps buried and dissolved in the grave, came rushing in upon the field of intellectual vision, in all the activity and distinctness of real existence." If such be the developments of the memory, when the mind is acted upon by extraordinary circumstances, what may we not expect when its *terrestrial* shall be exchanged for its *celestial* body, and the mind no longer be cramped and straitened by these "vile bodies" that constitute its earthly habitation?

"Through chinks, styled organs, dim life peeps at light;
Death bursts the involving cloud, and all is day;
All eye, all ear, the disembodied power!"

YOUNG.

4. A fourth and last argument which we wish to abduce as proof that our thoughts, though they slumber, do not die, is the quickened action of the memory that has been manifested in cases of disease and accident.

Hibbert, in his *Philosophy of Apparitions*, makes the following bold and very explicit assertion: "Past feelings, even should they be those of our earliest moments of infancy, never cease to be under the influence of the law of association, and they are constantly liable to be renovated, even to the latest period of life, although they may be in so faint a state as not to be the object of consciousness." A multitude of illustrations might be cited in support of this position; but we must content ourselves with the following: A man mentioned by Mr. Abernethy, had been born in France, but had spent the greater part of his life in England, and for many years had entirely lost the habit of speaking French. But when under the care of Dr. Abernethy, on account of the effects of an injury of the head, he always spoke French. * * * * A similar case occurred in St. Thomas' hospital, of a man who was in a state of stupor in consequence of an injury of the head. On his partial recovery, he spoke a language which nobody in the hospital understood, but which was soon ascertained to be Welsh. It was now discovered that he had been thirty years absent from Wales, and before the accident had entirely forgotten his native language. On his farther recovery, he completely forgot his Welsh again, and recovered the English language. * * * A lady, mentioned by Dr. Prichard, when in a state of delirium, spoke a language which nobody about her understood; but which also was discovered to be Welsh. None of her friends could form any conception of the manner in which she had become acquainted with that language; but after much inquiry, it was discovered, that in her childhood she had a nurse, a native of a district on the coast of Brittany, the dialect of which is closely analogous to the Welsh. The lady had at that time learned

a good deal of this dialect, but had entirely forgotten it for many years before this attack of fever. *

* * * A woman who was a native of the Highlands in Scotland, but accustomed to speak English, was under the care of Dr. Mackintosh, of Edinburgh, on account of an attack of apoplexy. She was so far recovered as to look around her with an appearance of intelligence; but the Doctor could not make her comprehend any thing he said to her, or answer the most simple question. He desired one of her friends to address her in Gaelic, when she immediately answered with readiness and fluency. * * * * An Italian gentleman mentioned by Dr. Rush, who died of the yellow fever in New York, in the beginning of his illness spoke English, in the middle of it French, but on the day of his death spoke only Italian. * * * A Lutheran clergyman of Philadelphia, who had a considerable number of Germans and Swedes in his congregation, stated that when near death, they most always prayed in their native language, though some of them he was confident had not spoken these languages for fifty or sixty years.*

Flint, in his "Recollections of the Valley of the Mississippi," while suffering partial derangement under a severe attack of the bilious fever in the state of Illinois, thus speaks of himself: "I repeated whole passages in the different languages, which I knew, with entire accuracy. I recited without losing or misplacing a word, a passage of poetry, which I could not so repeat after I had recovered my health." The late Professor Fisher, of New Haven, has recorded facts concerning himself very similar, though not resulting from the same physical cause: "Ideas crowded upon me five times as fast as I could put down even hints of them, and my sole object was to have some memorial by which they might be recalled. I was employed the whole time in the most intense meditation; at the same time, thinking never seemed to me to be attended with so little effort. I did not experience the least confusion or fatigue of mind. My thoughts flowed with a rapidity that was prodigious, and the faculties of association, memory, &c., were wonderfully raised. I could read different languages into English, and English into Hebrew, with a fluency which I was never before nor since master of. During the whole time, though I was in a low state of health, I never felt the least pain or fatigue of body.

Another example, and one perhaps still more to the point, is narrated by Mr. Coleridge in his *Biographia Literaria*, of which we can only attempt here an abridgment. In a Catholic town in Ger-

* For these and other examples of the same kind, the reader is referred to the work of Dr. Rush on the Diseases of the Mind; and also to Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers.

many, a young woman of four or five and twenty, who could neither read nor write, was seized with a nervous fever, during which she was incessantly talking Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, with much pomp and distinctness of enunciation. Ignorant, and simple, and harmless, as this young woman was known to be, no one suspected any deception, and the case therefore excited not a little curiosity. In the end, however, it was ascertained that at nine years of age, she had been taken into the family of a Protestant minister. This minister, who was a great linguist, was for many years in the habit of walking up and down a passage of his house, into which the kitchen door opened, and to read to himself, with a loud voice, out of the Greek and Latin Fathers. This attracted the notice of the young domestic; and the passages he was accustomed to repeat made an impression on her memory; and although probably for a long time beyond the reach of her recollection when in health, they were at last vividly restored, when the action of the memory was exceedingly quickened by the feverish state of her physical system, particularly of the brain.

We cannot sum up the conclusions to which our arguments would lead, better than by giving the positions or inferences which Mr. Coleridge educes from the preceding example and others of the same kind, which he asserts can be brought up. These inferences are thus concisely stated by Professor Upham:

"1. Our thoughts may, for an indefinite time, exist in the same order in which they existed originally, and in a latent or imperceptible state.

"2. As a feverish state of the brain (and of course any other peculiarity in the bodily organization) cannot create thought itself, nor make any approximation to it, but can only operate as an excitement or quickener to the intellectual principle; it is therefore probable, that all thoughts are, in themselves, imperishable.

"3. In order greatly to increase the power of the intellect, he supposes it would require only a different organization of its material accompaniment.

"4. And, therefore, he concludes the book of final judgment, which the Scriptures inform us will, at the last day, be presented before the individuals of the human race, may be no other than the investment of the soul with a *celestial* instead of a *terrestrial* body; and that this may be sufficient to restore the perfect record of the multitude of its past experiences. He supposes it may be consistent with the nature of a living spirit, that heaven and earth should sooner pass away, than that a single act or thought should be effectually struck off from the great chain of its operations."

The truth, then, seems to be, that nothing is wholly forgotten. The probability that we shall

be able to call up our past thoughts may be greatly diminished; but it does not become wholly extinct. The essential links in the great chain of memory, no change of circumstances, no lapse of time, nor combination of power, can wholly strike out. The power of reminiscence slumbers, but does not die. At the judgment day it will awake, and present before us the perfect restoration of all that is past. From the hidden recesses of the soul shall spring up powers and capacities above and beyond all we can now conceive—from the vast treasures of memory shall they summon forth thought and feeling, till the past stands before us, and the cloudless future spreads away in appalling or glorious perspective.

"Each fainter trace that memory holds,
So darkly, of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all that was at once appears."

So each one shall read, for himself, his own sentence, and be satisfied of its justice. Verily, the inspired penman hath recorded, *every mouth shall be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God.* And, in reference to our forgotten acts and experiences, may we not say, *then shall ye return and discern between the righteous and the wicked; between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not?*



THE SPIRIT WE NEED.

WE want a deep persuasion of the ruined state of our fellow creatures, a thorough consciousness that the mercy of God has saved us from it. We want to feel that God the Spirit has made our hearts the temple of his presence, and then look down from the heights of truth upon a world lying in wickedness and sorrow, that we may feel our hearts yearning over their miseries and longing to save them. We want a deep conviction that the Church of God is called to the work of saving men's souls. We want to be individually just what those nine Madagascar Christians were who hesitated not to be tied to poles, hands and feet, and rather than deny that Redeemer who saved them with his blood, submitted to the spears being passed through their bodies, and being hurried into eternity; we want their spirit of self-sacrifice to animate our bosoms.—*Rev. Baptist Noel.*



OXFORD was on the spot where John Wickliff, in 1377, first preached publicly against the supremacy of the Pope, the infallibility of the Church, and the doctrine of transubstantiation. The same spot is fixed on by Dr. Pusey, in our days, to revive what was dispelled by Wickliff, the morning star of the Reformation.

Original.

"THE ONE THING NEEDFUL;"
OR, THE CHOICE OF MARY.

BY W. P. STRICKLAND.

ABOUT two miles from the Jewish capital, and situated on the shady side of the Mount of Olives, the modern traveler descries in the distance the ancient town of Bethany, deserted of its former inhabitants, and now occupied by about six hundred Turks. In the days of its prosperity, an interesting family dwelt here, consisting of three persons—Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus, their brother. Tradition says that the only trace of their dwelling which remains is an old ruin, called the "Castle of Lazarus."

At the bottom of a descent, entered by twenty-five steps, and not far from the castle, is the "sepulcher of Lazarus," which the Turks hold in great veneration, and which is used by them for an oratory, or place of prayer. The blessed Redeemer of the world entertained a peculiar affection for this family. It is recorded by the evangelist St. John, that "Jesus *loved* Martha and her sister, and Lazarus;" and when the sisters sent a messenger to the Savior to inform him of the illness of their brother, they said, "Lord, he whom thou *lovest* is sick;" and as Jesus stood by the tomb of Lazarus and wept, the Jews, who had come to sympathize with the sorrowing sisters, said, "Behold how he *loved* him!" This hospitable mansion afforded a pleasant and quiet retreat for the Savior—a resting place after the toils of the day, and an asylum from the rage and persecution of his enemies.

After he entered Jerusalem in triumph amid the loud hosannas of the people, and took possession of the temple in the name of his Father, purging it of abominations, and thereby provoking the "sore displeasure of the chief priests and scribes," the evangelist Matthew says, "he retired to Bethany and lodged there." Simon, whom Jesus recovered from his leprosy, gave him an entertainment at his house in Bethany. Martha and Mary, and their brother Lazarus, who now enjoyed life from the dead, were among the guests.

An incident occurred at this feast worthy of notice. While Jesus sat at the table, Mary from an alabaster box poured precious ointment upon his head and feet. This she did in anticipation of his burial; and while thus embalming his body, and symbolizing his death and burial, the Savior gave her a "name better than precious ointment," because, wherever the trumpet of the Gospel should sound, there should also be sounded the praise of this noble deed: "*This thing that she hath done shall be told for a memorial of her.*"

The frequent visits of Christ and his disciples to the house of Martha evinced his attachment for

the family. It was natural and proper for Jesus to visit most frequently those whom he most loved, and to love those the most who manifested for him the greatest affection. Though from his own loved Bethany he ascended to the occupancy of the many mansions in his Father's house, yet his language is, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if *any* man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him, and he with me;" thus affording to all an assurance that, although they cannot have his personal visits, yet, by a receiving faith, they may hold the most delightful communion with him in spirit; and hence we learn that they who would have frequent visits from the Savior must receive him as such.

The occasion of the Savior's visit to the house of Martha when the interesting incident took place which we have selected as a theme of meditation, we know not. Whether it were for religious instruction, or to receive the usual hospitalities of this devoted family, is not at all important, as there can be no doubt that he always manifested the same solicitude for the spiritual welfare of those among whom he mingled. Did he go to be "a guest with him who was a publican and sinner," and thereby provoke the self-righteous Pharisee to condemn him for his want of exclusiveness, it was to teach them that "he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance"—"to seek and to save that which was lost." Did he visit the house of Simon or Zaccheus, it was to discourse upon the objects of his mission into our world, and unfold the glorious truths of the ever-blessed Gospel.

There are circumstances occurring in the life of every one well fitted to develop the character; and the visit of the Savior at this time formed such an occasion. No sooner had the Lord of life entered the dwelling of the sisters, than the one hastens to prepare for his entertainment, and the other sits down at his feet to learn the lessons of salvation. The *conduct* of Martha was in every sense truly commendable; but the *spirit* she manifested deserved severe reprehension. The conduct of Mary was in the highest degree commendable, while the spirit she manifested is also worthy to be copied by all the disciples of our Lord. Martha was at fault, inasmuch as she suffered her heart to be too much engrossed with "cumbering care," and her "*diligence in business*" to swallow up her "*fergency of spirit*;" and as "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," so she complains to the Savior concerning her sister: "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone?" To this ill-timed complaint the Lord replies, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but *one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.*"

It frequently happens that those are the most ready to condemn others for zeal in religion who have grown cold and languid themselves; and thus are the zealous for God open to the attacks of professed friends as well as of open enemies. Such will say, "There is no necessity for spending so much time in the closet, and engaging in so many religious exercises. You are altogether too religious."

The religion of some consists exclusively in outward profession, the "green leaves" of which may be as inviting as the fruitless fig-tree which Jesus cursed. It is well that we have the leaves of profession; but it is all-important that beneath them should be found ripe fruit. The most essential part of the Christian's life is "*hid with Christ in God*," the benefits of which the day of judgment alone can reveal.

Many, like Martha, fret and distract themselves with a faithless anxiety about "what they shall eat, and drink, and wear," forgetting that the great duty, first in order, and first in importance, is to "seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness." They do not well who take such "thought of the morrow" as to disturb the quietude and peace of "to-day." Our imaginary wants may be denominated "legion, for they are many;" and should we suffer them fully to possess us, though they may not lacerate our bodies, and drive us among the tombs, yet will they most assuredly distract our hearts, and drive us into despondency and gloom. Our real wants are few and simple, and He who clothes the grass with its greenness, and the lily with its whiteness, will provide all needful things for those who, like Mary, seek first to have the soul fed with the "hidden manna," and clothed with the robe of righteousness.

In noticing the choice of Mary, it will not be expected that we should enter into a theological discussion in regard to its nature, inasmuch as your Repository is not devoted to controversies of a theological character. Suffice it to say that this choice was perfectly voluntary, and she was the efficient cause, as much so as was the choice of Martha the result of, or identical with her own volition. With a glad heart and free, Mary consecrated her time and attention to the heavenly instructions of the blessed Jesus. The objects placed before her were, on the one hand, the world, its anxious pursuits and pleasures; and on the other, Christ and his salvation. The latter she made her election. She might, as many have before, and still do, have plead circumstances in justification of an opposite choice. It is often urged that the cares of a family are so great, and the duties so pressing, that, even admitting the importance of immediate and unreserved attention to the concerns of religion, yet domestic duties must be attended to; and

as religion does not interfere with the relations of life, a season will arrive when religion can be made the chief concern. Thus is that put last which our Lord puts first; and, instead of making every thing else subservient to religion, religion with all its high and solemn claims is thrust aside for the unessential, and, it is to be feared, too often unnecessary concerns of life.

How much time, and toil, and care are wasted in making needless preparation for the entertainment of visitors, and how much of the "Lord's money" is expended in sumptuous provision to gratify "the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life, which are not of the Father, but of the world." To dress gorgeously and fare sumptuously was the only charge alledged against one who "in hell lifted up his eyes, being in torments," and who, instead of feasting upon the luxuries of the table, and drinking the choicest wines, was not permitted a drop of water, which nature does not withhold from the most destitute of earth's sorrowing family.

While Martha was "careful and troubled about many things," and suffered the enemy to pour in a flood of worldliness upon her, Mary wisely and piously resolved to place herself at the feet of Jesus and open her heart to the streams of religious consolation. How true it is that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, which manifests itself in choosing the best end, while in nothing does human folly manifest itself more than in making choice of the perishing objects of time.

The Bible compares religion to "*fine gold*"—to "*a treasure hid in a field*"—to a "*pearl of great price*." But no descriptions, however magnificent—replete with richness of thought and felicity of expression—no conceptions of the "natural" mind, however grand, can rise to an adequate idea of that which constitutes the beautiful and sublime of our holy religion. "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, the heart of man hath not conceived," the vision, and enjoyment, and melody of this heavenly treasure. The natural man hath no eye, or ear, or heart to discover that which is alone the object of *spiritual* discernment, and the subject of direct revelation to all that believe.

The inspired writers declare religion to be "joy unspeakable and full of glory"—joy that the unrenewed heart is a stranger to, and glory such as the carnal mind cannot conceive—"peace that passeth all understanding"—the peace which is the "gift of God," and which the world cannot break in upon—like a placid lake reflecting the pure light of heaven. Calmly embosomed in the fastnesses of the mountains of rock, the storm may rage around with all its fury, but it ruffles not its surface—the dark cloud may throw its gloomy shades upon it, but it will only impart to its surface a

more cheerful aspect when clouds and storms have passed away. It is called "life"—the "tree of life"—the true elixir which perpetuates its existence—"length of days is in her right hand"—the "true riches"—the philosopher's stone which transmutes the very afflictions of this life into "an exceeding and eternal weight of glory"—"in her left hand riches and honor;" and as she is a tree of life to those only who "lay hold upon her," so are those only "happy that retain her."

Mary's choice embraced all this; and as it is not in the province of the world to confer so great a boon, so is it beyond its power to take it away. Jesus says, "She hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." Like Moses, her faith fastened upon an object far beyond the riches of kingdoms, or the honor of kings—a "treasure that neither moth nor rust could corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal"—a treasure as imperishable and everlasting as its author; for although the very elements of things shall be dissolved and pass away, religion will never fade or die—

"Time does not breathe on its fadeless bloom—
It lives—it lives beyond the tomb."

The "inheritance of the saints is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for all who are kept by the power of God, *through faith, unto salvation*," and, like Mary, make "the better choice."

NEW ZEALAND.

THE most satisfactory account of the New Zealand mission is found in a narrative by the Bishop of Australia, who visited the colony in the year 1839. At every station which he personally inspected, the converts were so numerous as to bear a considerable proportion to the entire population. He states, that in most of the native villages where the missionaries have obtained a footing, there is a building, containing one room, superior in fabric and dimensions to the ordinary dwellings, which appears to be set apart as their place of assembling for religious worship, or to read the Scriptures, or to receive the exhortations of their spiritual teachers. In these edifices generally, but sometimes in the open air, the Christian classes were assembled before him. The gray-haired man and the aged woman took their places to read, and to undergo examination, among their descendants of the second and third generations. The chief and slave stood side by side, with the holy Volume in their hands, and exerted their endeavors each to surpass the other in returning proper answers to the questions put to them concerning what they had been reading. These assemblages he encouraged on all occasions.—*Russell's History of Polynesia.*

Original.

HEAVEN—A PLACE.

BY A. M. LORRAINE.

WE have much suspected, for a series of years, that the most popular views of heaven are too empyreal, or, in other words, too ghostly. Some there are who believe that heaven is merely a state. Others are unwilling to squander a thought about its particular character, saying, "Hidden things belong unto the Lord," as though heaven were not a thing revealed for us and our children.

We might hang the whole argument on the fact that embodied saints have already ascended to heaven. We do not say that those bodies were under the leaden pressure of human corruption; "for flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." They are, however, bodies still. There is a great diversity in the modification of matter, even in this world—"bodies terrestrial and bodies celestial." Some are opaque and impervious to human vision. Others are transparent, or semi-transparent. Again, there is matter still more subtil—as the air which we breathe. Although susceptible of prodigious expansion and depression, yet it calls for space, and bears evident marks of materiality. The nervous fluid, so refined that the practiced eye of the most skillful surgeon cannot discover its presence or detect its absence, the electric and magnetic powers, might also be claimed as indefinable varieties in the universe of matter. But let the human body be ever so sublimated by the power of an endless life, the word of God defines it a body still; and, consequently, it demands a place—a city of habitation. This much we say in regard to the heaven "where God resides—that holy, happy place." But we do not speak of that as the final abode of the blood-washed saints. The Lord has promised us a *new earth*. The Scriptures assure us that the world which once was, was destroyed by water. The world that now is, is reserved unto fire; but "we," says St. Peter, "look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." This does not admit of a spiritual explication; because the destruction of the first world by water is a subject of prosaic history. We are told how it was brought about—in what manner it was accomplished, and how long the work of ruin went on. In the absence of revelation, there is a profusion of testimony scattered over the highest mountains, and all canonized by the universal tradition of nations. What Peter says of the present world is equally literal—"It is reserved unto fire." What follows must be also literal—"Nevertheless, we, according to the promise of God, look for a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." This great promise is more fully

presented in sacred pantomime in the isle of Patmos. We follow John, in his apocalyptic vision, through all the weal and woe, the lights and shades, the peace and persecutions of the vacillating Church—through all the history and mystery of the man of sin; yea, we follow him until the last phial of Divine wrath is emptied on the ante-millennial world, and beyond, until we see the judgment set, the books opened, and—what then? Does he say that he saw the Lord, by one untempered stroke, smite all things into annihilation, and then fall back upon his throne and expire? No; but “I, John, heard him who sat upon the throne say”—(and this was the first time that John heard the Eternal speak. He had heard angels and beasts speak. He had heard the souls of the martyrs exclaim, “How long! O, Lord, how long!” He had heard and seen voices, and thunderings, and lightnings from underneath the throne. But now the Ancient of days speaks—he who is high and lifted up, and whose glorious train filleth the temple of heaven.) And what does he say? “Behold, I make all things new.” And new heavens and a new earth rise into existence. This is represented as the final home of the saints. Now, we believe that this new earth is not so extremely different in its constitution and arrangement from the present creation as to cut off all analogy—all association of thought between the two worlds.

How often have we been asked by sensible and pious persons, “Brother, do you think we shall know each other in heaven? Shall we have any recollection of this life? Will we have any active employment in the future state?” So fantastic and shadowy are the views of some, that they reduce eternal life to a state of mere mental ecstasy, or eternal indolence and revery. Surely, in the new earth there will be ample range for mental and physical exercise. This is not only sustained by Scripture, but seems to grow out of the very philosophy of our nature. Who is man? What is he? Is he not a mixed being, made of mind and body? Yes; and this is his original—his *natural* character. So God made him, and placed him in a world admirably adapted to his complex nature. And he pronounced him and his habitation good—very good; that is, good enough. His employments were suitable. He was commanded to attend his garden—to reign over the inferior creation, and to glorify his Maker. All this was nothing more than pleasurable work, before the Lord cursed the earth; for spring, perpetual spring, smiled around,

“And fruits and blossoms blush’d,
In social sweetness on the self-same bough.”

Although then deathless, his immortality was sustained by ways and means.

In the fall man still retains his mixed character. The interim of death and the resurrection is a paren-

thesis in the natural existence of man; and because it is a suspension of his proper being, it is represented in the Scriptures as a sleep—a tranquil sleep. We do not mean a state of unconsciousness; for then the figure would not be appropriate. This rest of the righteous is, doubtless, inconceivably more blissful, than the highest state of spiritual enjoyment in this life; but it must fall short of the glory that will be revealed in the morning of the resurrection. Otherwise, the resumption of our bodies would be an affliction, or, to say the least, would be no addition to our happiness. But the Scriptures always represent the resurrection of the body as being the crowning glory of human salvation.

It is worthy of remark that the inspired writers seldom refer to the disembodied state, but generally point the Christian to the day of judgment for his reward. In no one thing do modern ministers differ from the apostles more, in their preaching, than in this. We describe the pious soul as leaving the bed of death in triumph. He is conveyed by angels to heaven, installed into eternal life, to go out no more for ever. And we are satisfied with mooring him, and leaving him in a port of safety, beyond the rending storms of earth. Not so with primitive evangelists. They looked far, far beyond the fiery storm. They preached—“Be patient, brethren, unto the *coming of the Lord*.” They held forth the *inheritance, to be revealed in the last time*. Paul saw a crown of righteousness, laid up for him, but *to be given in that day*. Again, “Ye that are troubled rest with us, when the Lord shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire,” &c. Hence it was emphatically said of them that they “preached Jesus and the resurrection.” The resurrection, with them, was not the subject of an occasional effort. They did not handle it as a kind of doctrinal curiosity in the cabinet of Christian theology—they chained it to the cross. When they preached, “He was crucified for our sins,” they proclaimed with equal vehemence, “He *rose* again for our justification.” Yea, they declared salvation impossible, aside from the resurrection. “If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they, also, which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished.” They are perished, as far as human nature is concerned. They cannot be restored to their proper genus. And, inasmuch as the Gospel does not propose to transfer us to a higher order, but to redeem us as men, the whole faith must be false, if the dead rise not.

This rest—this sleep of the saints, through profusion of joy, will doubtless seem short, yea, as a watch of the night. And at the sound of the trump every child of grace will return to his own inheritance. In a moment the grave will open—the bars of death snap asunder, and man—immor-

tal man—will awake in his own proper character—a deathless spirit in an immortal body.

Now, what sort of a world, suppose ye, will be prepared for this redeemed saint? Surely, one suited to his two-fold nature—just such a world as God has promised—"a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

In this new creation will be liberal scope for mental exercise. Our souls will revel in all the intellectual sweets of spiritual rumination and divine contemplation. The immeasurable volumes of nature, providence, and grace, will be spread out before us, while our progress will not be retarded by our having to plod, so slowly, through the dull mediums which now slacken our pace in the pathway of knowledge. There will also be room for physical employment—employment neither painful nor wearisome. It is a truth deeply engraved in the economy of heaven, and the physiology of man, that industry and holiness should be inseparable companions.

It may be, too, that although life will be eternal, it may be perpetuated by some wise and mysterious provision of God. But it will make little difference with us whether we be inherently immortal, or are kept so by the sleepless vigilance of almighty Power.

We would conclude by asking why this restless desire, in some, to divide and ruin themselves—to divorce their being—to put asunder what God has joined together, and all to infringe on higher orders.

"Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel."

The highest nature which we may, not sacrilegiously, eye, is immortal manhood; and our best home is the new earth—an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. Let none say we preach a sensual heaven. It will be no more sensual than the children of the resurrection will be. We are taught that we shall resume our bodies. True, you may say, but they will be highly spiritual. Well, be it so—the new earth, with all its provisions, will be equally so. And the crowning glory of the inheritance will be—"it fadeth not away."

If the Lord should address the inhabitants of the new earth, and say, "Shout on—shine on, ye blood-bought, happy saints! Drink freely—drink largely of heaven's sublimest joys; yea, sing on—shine on for a million of ages yet to come; but know that, at the termination of that liberal period of unmixed joy, I shall take to myself my great power, and remand all things, beneath my throne, back into the chaos of nonentity!" surely every soul would sicken at the announcement of a calamity so awful, however distant it might be. Every harp in heaven would become mute—cherubim and seraphim would drag their wings heav-

ily over the golden pavement—the voice of sorrow, lamentation, and woe would pour forth through every gate of the new and heavenly Jerusalem, all the sacramental host of God's elect would be bathed in tears. But, glory be to God! he has not merely whispered it in heaven, but he has loudly proclaimed it on earth, yea, to the sighing ones in sorrowing paths below: "I give unto them *eternal life*, and they shall *never perish*." Yes, the roses of heaven shall blush a deeper red, the crowns of glory shed a brighter lustre, as endless ages roll the triumph on.

FRIENDSHIP.

The strongest and most affecting instance of attachment on record is the narrative of the friendship existing between two females. It is most pathetically told by the sacred penman in the book of Ruth. This story has been seized upon, and most admirably turned into verse by one somewhat dextrous in metrical composition. We give an extract.—*Southern Adv.*

SHE clasps Naomi's neck and sighs,
And clings in wild devotion there,
And lifting up her earnest eyes,
She murmurs, "Mother, hear my prayer!
If some lone dove, on wounded wing,
Should flutter to thy gentle breast,
My mother! would'st thou coldly fling
The trembler from its place of rest?
That lone and weary dove am I!
The home, the hearth, I leave for thee,
In darkness and deserted life,
My mother, wilt thou turn from me?
His smile, who made that home all light,
His voice who breathed the hallowed vow,
The ray went out in death's dark night—
The sound—the grave hath hushed it now.
O, 'where thou goest I will go!'—
The shrine at which thou kneel'st in prayer,
The skies that o'er thy pathway glow,
Shall see thy child before thee there.
O, 'where thou diest I will die!'—
Thy home is mine, and mine thy God,
The very grave where thou dost lie,
Shall shelter me beneath its sod."

WINTER.

THE buds of spring, bright summer's blooming
flowers,
And autumn's rich abundance, all are past;
The lingering warblers quit their leafless bowers,
Which yield no refuge from the frequent blast,
Now reeking mist obstruct the solar beams,
And threatening clouds the face of heaven deform;
Relentless frost arrests the silver streams,
And hail and snow come rushing on the storm!

Original.

SISTERSHIP.

THE relation of sister is one which involves much moral responsibility, and also much of that delicacy which is peculiarly feminine. The sister can well repay the brother for that guardianship by which he protects her where she could not protect herself. She can compensate his outward care of her by hints and by admonitions salutary and saving to his conduct and career—admonitions which his own less apprehensive, hardier, and more buoyant spirits should not so easily conceive. And these same suggestions, received with affectionate docility, shall add a charm to his frankness, and a grace to his deportment, originally unthought of and unknown to himself.

And, going yet deeper than to mere externals, she may aid his moralities by direct or by occasional remark; or, more effectively, and more frequently, by her animated and warm commendation of the praiseworthy and consistent conduct of other gentlemen. She can comment upon the considerate and self-sustained social independence of this one—upon his freedom from allowed and fashionable vices—upon his self-respect, and his enlarged view of the relative rights of others, and of his observance of the unclaimed and unrecognized minutiae of obligations which make up the harmony, the order, and the well-being of social life. And she can remark that, as these obligations, these points of delicacy are not customary, nor common enough to challenge the ordeal of public censure, yet for this are they more meritorious in the individual.

The brother shall notice the spirit and the disposition of these remarks, and infer that as his sister judges so judge other females; and that if the quiet magnanimity of a companion passes not without comment, but attracts the consideration of that sex which he most wishes to please, it were well that he should follow a similar course, in order to secure the same suffrages.

And thus, without going deeper into the subject at present, has the admonitory tact of the sister given to the brother a model without the implication of his needing one, and bestowed a lesson, better remembered by this than by any less inspiring motive of imitation. And let her remember that she present to his notice the characters most assimilated in disposition, in ability, and natural traits, to his own. These shall be most suggestive and most apt of gaining his heart to the subject; so that, all along, as the sister discourses to him, he shall perceive a fitness and propriety in the conduct and the model which a diverse order of character should have failed to suggest.

These communications between the faithful sister and the amiable brother form a sweet and

satisfactory intercourse, and tend to establish that confidence and trust which growing years shall confirm, and which shall finally add the tie of friendship to that of consanguinity. And, surely, if nature has bestowed upon us brothers and sisters, we should honor the order of Providence, and cultivate these opportunities for mutual good.

But we must retrace a little. There is one particular in the moral code which may make a vast amount of difference to the well-being and respectability of the brother, which must not be passed unnoticed. This is the subject of dueling—that “point of honor” on which many youth, in conformity with received, and, we may add, in its restrictive sense, of vulgar prejudice, have made early and fatal shipwreck, either by falling into an unconsecrated grave, and rushing “unshrived” to judgment, or, surviving, have become the victim of remorse, of recklessness, and despair. It is the part of the sister, then, time and again, in season and out of season, occasionally, and directly, and for ever, to admonish and to set her face against this abomination—against every idea which enters into connection with it.

That a custom so sanguinary and so completely in the spirit of the rudest barbarity should have obtained amidst the ordinances of civilization is the wonder; and that it should continue in this season of light, and of innovation of popular abuses—the battering down of popular vices—makes the marvel still greater, and is an added proof of the tyranny on the one hand, and of the besotted conformity on the other, of those who follow after a worldly spirit. But this is its appreciation amongst men. That any female of decent training and opportunities views this practice in any other light than that of methodized murder, we doubt not. And it is the imperative duty of the sister so to set it forth to the brother; for whether he be of hostile or of patient temper, he is equally liable, in the flush of youth, to be imbued with this masculine error—equally liable to be abused into the idea that by a compliance with this law he is but defending his manhood—thus taking a subservient and shallow view of his own rights, and, in the estimate, leaving his soul entirely out of the question. Thus has many an inconsiderate youth fallen a victim to the guile and the practice of some professed duelist.

We are happy to see, by a late statement, that in London there has been recently formed an association for the suppression of dueling, and that some of the highest dignitaries of the Church, and members from both houses of Parliament, together with officers of rank in the army and the navy, have severally given the sign manual to the discrediting of the practice. The extermination of this vice, if earnestly entered upon by a concurrent move-

ment of the respectable, would seem a thousand times more easy (as it is many thousand times less numerous) than the suppression of drunkenness. And this, thanks be to God! has been nearly effected within a comparatively short space of time. But it is the aid of God that can do so great thing as this. And so should the sister appeal to and present the subject to the brother. The admonition will be well received from her—she has his confidence, and he knows that it is not by dictation but of love that she speaks. She finds more time and better retirement for spiritual culture, and for the contemplation of duty in a religious sense than he does. He is more on a footing of familiarity with his sister than with his parents—he feels more freedom of communication of his peccadilloes of conduct to her than with them. And she is exactly so situated as “to do him good,” if she will. If she can feel an interest in his social respectability, how much happier must she feel—how much more imperative is the duty that she aid him in gaining spiritual preferment! And if so she do, how can he enough compensate the obligation? The support of his friendship, and the imparting of pecuniary means, if necessary, will avouch his sense of the service, but will never requite it. A return in kind—he having now advanced to sobriety of view and to experience of life—he in turn shall be the counselor—his admonitions and encouragements, under trials and misfortunes, with the consciousness of duty done, shall be her reward, and he shall be to her as “bread cast upon the waters,” which, after many days, has returned to her again.

The sister has been represented in connection with one of nearly her own age. She may now be advantageously presented as the senior amidst a family much younger than herself, and over whom she presides as a sort of second mother—a lieutenant in the absence, or the diverted attention of the real mother.

Doubtless there is no circumstance of our being which has not been contemplated by our Creator. Our place, positively and relatively, as well as our condition, has its implied and proper duties. And, according to their well performance, or their neglect, are we liable to discomfiture and punishment, or amenable to rewards and to happiness.

The elder sister, then, is intended, by her position, to be either the helper of her younger brothers and sisters, or to be less happy for the neglect of this duty of her station. They, too, have a reciprocal duty; but about this she should not trouble herself—her duty is to God.¹

How lovely is the elder sister! What an amiable friend to her little tribe of dependants! What a womanly character does the performance of these duties impart to her deportment and manners, as

also to her ideas and principles! What a furtherance to her own character is her attention to theirs! An ingenious German author has represented his heroine in this connection, and made a most lovely picture out of it, too. Yet the volume in which it is told is not altogether in that moral keeping to which we would introduce our young readers. So they need spend no time in guessing out the author's name. But, by looking into some neighboring family, they may haply find a little group of bread and butter eaters, with the lovely elder sister at their head, presenting a scene to the life, and one fully as attractive.

The aids which sister — can afford to her little flock every day need not be specified or enlarged upon. They are occasional and necessary, and sister — knows at once whether they be proper or not. The perception and the ability are imparted to her need, and are a condition of her duty. Her office is not arduous. With good intentions and good will she shall not err; “for it shall be given her in that self-same hour what she shall do.” And so we leave her rejoicing in her vocation of sister—a vocation from which the Church has borrowed a title and a type—implying, too, that the elder sisters foster and train the younger, and also that the younger be docile and learn, and, furthermore, that love be established and reciprocated to those of all ages throughout the calling.

But it is the sister toward the sister of her own age, or nearly her own age, that tests most closely the fairness of this relationship; for here only is it, their interest being the same, that they may clash with each other. And here may occur circumstances which require magnanimity and sacrifice to cope with or to suffer. In a well trained family a pair of sisters will, in the common course of events, be able to harmonize with each other, not only in conduct but in heart. And mostly they do so. Yet truth constrains us to say that there are some deplorable exceptions to the contrary. Even the pious family of the elder Wesley, with its rigid training, afforded an instance of this sort. And the cases are somewhat more common than is generally suspected, requiring a domestic view to detect them. If the parties keep the matter to themselves, it happens, of course, that it is very little known beyond the family circle. Yet is the impropriety no less, because it is concealed. The mother, we should say, cannot be too vigilant in regulating and constraining the case.

Let us look closely at some two sisters of equal standing in a family; and though they are supposed to have similar privileges, yet it may be found that there is such a disparity in the characters of the two, as habitually and constantly subjects the one to the other. And this is not so much from a too acquiescent weakness of the con-

trolled party as of her good taste in avoiding disgraceful bickerings, and of the dominant spirit of the sister. This should not be so, yet perhaps it is better than if resistance or recrimination were attempted in order to set it right. Indeed, often the instances of innovation are so minute that one would hardly know how to specify or adjust them; and yet, in the aggregate, they make up a grievous amount of petty oppression, admitting, as it were, of no redress, and suggesting very little sense of appeal. And yet are these things all done in a spirit of dictation and of self-superiority.

But it is manifest to every observer that the reality of superiority is with the subjected party. Magnanimity, and patience, and forbearance, are all on the side of the abused. The conduct hard to be explained gives the idea of injustice only by glimpses, quickly veiled, perhaps, in the sprightliness or vivacity of the aggressor. Yet here let us pause and form an idea of what would be the conduct of this girl under circumstances of enlarged power. The hint may be suggestive of the conviction. And she who is unsisterly in the relation of sister might be unfaithful in that of a friend or companion. And, most assuredly, she is neither delicate nor tender-hearted. And we would suppose her to be the last of the two who should gain a suitor; and yet the fact—if she have the superiority in point of beauty—is deplorably to the contrary. But this matter rests with the gentleman who chooses her. And whether, by a retributive justice, he discover his mistake when it is too late, is “best known to himself”—unless, indeed, he have the weakness to communicate it to others—which is but making bad worse.

Appropos of beauty, we have seen instances where its possession would seem not only to mar and obliterate the sisterly affection, but all Christian charity out of the bosom.

In the season of courtship there are more trials suffered by females from the weakness and the *vacillations* of lovers than it were either suitable or dignified to confess.

And one of the most grievous abuses in the domestic relation, is where one sister affects to misunderstand the sentiments of another in regard to visitors, or undeclared suitors. A lady having too much principle to accept any but a genuine preference may yet be annoyed by this sort of chicanery practiced against her dignity, or it may be her affection.

And here will it be said that the female writer is telling tales out of school, or giving the gentlemen an undue advantage? It is not so intended. Courtship is a question of principle; and in matters of morality it is always best to speak out plainly. This matter has been too much glossed over, and there is the advantage which has been abused.

But no gentleman of any manliness will make any but a proper use of the knowledge; whilst one of an opposite cast, by its misuse, can only add it to the amount of his characteristic littlenesses—a sort of gentleman to be admired by the very young, or tolerated by the very foolish amongst older ladies.

Our language is not in figure; for we have no personal concern in the matter. But, disinterestedly, we view this subject as no light thing; and we reiterate the sentiment, that our present topic, namely, male or female coquetry, though usually jested upon, is one of deepest interest, and referable to a tribunal of the highest accountability.

Will religious youth, then—subscribers to the Repository—practice it? Will they countenance it? Marriage is an institution which involves the well-being or the unhappiness of the whole life; and coquetry, trip it on the tongue lightly as you may, often controls *that*. The commitment of any principle of truth should be imputed as a grave fault.

But the most affecting relation of our subject is, perhaps, where two or more sisters are associated in declining life, aiding, soothing, or solacing the neglect of the rest of the world. Their love is now of that deep-seated humanity which a knowledge of life, and experience of its hollowness and disappointments, cannot fail to effect. At this season, too, resignation becomes tempered by that grace which has produced it. And the aged sisters, “talking over” their family bereavements, concentrate their affections in the remnant. And, assisted by each other, hoping and praying together here, they look to the time when they, too, shall be called to join with those who have passed “beyond the veil.” And this apprehension chastens and perfects their *sisterly love*.



BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

THE horse obeys his driver, and the hearse is drawn along. It bears a human corpse to its last resting place. Friends, tears, helpers to the sepulture! There are none! One living man, we know, can bury a dead body. Yet there is somewhat that ought to be here! And it is neither the comment of an idle ceremony, nor the expression of a conventional usage, nor the imposing show of an idle pageant that we miss—it is not the sense of loneliness that we grieve for—our subject has passed beyond all this—but it is the saddening reflection of how little *love* there is in humanity—how little respect for our kind—how little sympathy, that a creature of our own being should, in his helplessness, if I may so express it, be so little regarded, and that death, in any of its circumstances, should claim so little respect!

Original.

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

HAIL, lovely sisters, harbingers of bliss,
 Array'd in your habiliments divine!
 How came you e'er to seek a world like this,
 Who in the courts of heav'n were wont to shine?
 Was there not joy enough amid that throng
 To make you happy in that bright abode?
 Did you not join in the seraphic song,
 And have a seat fast by the throne of God?
 Or did the lost condition of our race
 To pity move the great eternal Mind,
 To bid you leave that holy, happy place,
 And come to earth to bless all human kind?
 Surely 'twas Heav'n's beneficence to man
 That sent you blessed trio to our earth—
 He whom we call our Father form'd the plan—
 'Twas he who gave the vast conception birth.
 O, it was worthy of that mighty Pow'r
 Which call'd the world from utter nothingness,
 To look on earth in man's most trying hour,
 And send bright heralds such as you to bless!
 O, happy ones, we wait with list'ning ears,
 As earth-borns should, to hear a heav'nly strain—
 Begin your story, quell our rising fears,
 And your sweet labor shall not be in vain!

Then holy Faith, with upturn'd eye,
 Her fingers o'er her harp-strings ran,
 And thus, in strains sweet and sublime,
 Her mission told to guilty man—

I come to tell creation's work—
 Whose hand hath form'd the skies—
 What voice from dark confusion bade
 Earth's glorious structure rise—
 To tell how heav'n's bright arches rung,
 When by the stars its birth was sung.

I call up prophet, sage, and seer,
 Before the memory,
 And fix man's erring gaze at last
 Upon Mount Calvary;
 And there O may it rest upon
 The Savior—the chief corner-stone!

I come to pour celestial light
 Upon man's vision dark—
 To shine forth as the holy star
 Which must direct his bark,
 If he that haven e'er would gain,
 Unknown to sorrow, toil, and pain.

I bid the heav'nly land appear,
 Though hid from human sight—
 I bring to view its blissful groves,
 And waters flashing bright—

That stream whose bright and silv'ry flood
 Flows from beneath the throne of God.

I come to triumph o'er the grave—
 To chase its gath'ring gloom,
 And by my cheering, hallow'd light,
 Illuminate the tomb;
 And from the mansions of the dead
 I point the way the Master led.

Then smiling Hope takes up the lyre,
 And wakes again its silent strings,
 And thus, in joyous strains and high,
 Her message down to earth she sings—

I come to chase all fear away,
 And shed my radiance o'er each scene—
 To drive away from Faith's firm gaze
 The gathering clouds that intervene.
 My sister, Faith, beholds the prize
 Beyond this world of grief and sin;
 But views its glories from afar,
 While I press on and enter in.
 When sorrows rise, and faith is weak,
 I bear the trembling soul on high;
 And, raised upon my buoyant wing,
 It sees the heav'nly city nigh.
 And when the bright, angelic choir,
 And white-rob'd elders, wond'ring, stand,
 The Spirit mingles with the song—
 With these bright ones at God's right hand.
 I make the soul forget its cares—
 I make the future present seem,
 And all the sorrows of the past
 But like a faint remember'd dream.
 When dim's the eye, and flesh is faint,
 I see bright scenes of joy afar—
 I show the soul its dwelling-place,
 Where it shall shine—a fadeless star.

Then Love, with calm, benignant air,
 As when descending from the sky,
 Thus told her errand down to earth,
 In tones of sweetest melody—

Me heaven its brightest herald deems—
 The loftiest in the skies;
 Both seraph and archangel own
 My matchless victories.
 Yes, all those glorious armies bend
 Obedient to my call,
 And own, amid their highest strains,
 'Tis love that ruleth all.
 I come to bid all strife to cease—
 My banner, when unfurl'd,
 Displays upon its waving folds,
 Peace, peace to all the world!
 I come to bind all kindred hearts
 Together into one,
 And bid them learn to love as they
 Shall love around the throne.

I constitute the bliss of heav'n—
 Inspire each joyous song
 Which bursts in rapture from the lips
 Of the redeemed throng.
 Nor shall a single jarring note
 Disturb their harmony,
 While ages roll their cycles on
 Through vast eternity.
 I last while God himself shall last—
 As him eternal prove;
 For love's the ruling law of heav'n,
 And God himself is love.



Original.

THE DELUGE TREE.

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

"We can ascertain the age of an oak or pine, by counting the number of concentric rings of annual growth, seen in a transverse section near the base, so that we may know the date at which the seedling began to vegetate. The Baobab tree of Senegal, (*Adansonia digitata*), is supposed to exceed almost any other in longevity. Adanson inferred that one which he measured, and found to be thirty feet in diameter, had attained the age of 5150 years. Having made an incision to a certain depth, he first counted three hundred rings of annual growth, and observed what thickness the tree had gained in that period. The average rate of growth of younger trees, of the same species, was then ascertained, and the calculation made according to a supposed mean rate of increase. De Candolle considers it not improbable, that the celebrated Taxodium of Chapultepec in Mexico, which is 117 feet in circumference, may be still more aged."—*Lyell's Geology*.

HAIL! patriarch of gray primeval dawn!
 Who shall thy early history write;—or who
 Thy youngest leaves and first born flowers describe?
 Where lived the parent tree? Whence came the breeze
 Which bore thy prisoned germ from native heights
 To earth's broad bosom, and concealed thee there?
 Wast thou the earliest daughter of the field,
 The offspring of a primal race, first called
 By Deity to spread their foliated limbs,
 And from the oppressive heats and ruder blasts
 The virgin earth protect? Or wast thyself
 An emanation of creative power,
 Into existence called by His decree?
 Did thy young leaves protect the pristine race?—
 And when, for sin accurst, the elder world
 Was deluged with a mighty flood, didst thou,
 With thy majestic limbs, the waters mark
 In their upheavings? When from their homes
 Earth's myriads rush'd, clung they to thy rude
 arms
 Protection seeking from th' o'erflowing wave
 As with resistless course it higher rose?
 From thy proud head—uplifted by that wave—

Sunk the last son of a polluted race
 To find beneath the fiercely rolling surge
 His last sad home, unmourned by friends, unwept?
 And when, by such ablution, purified,
 The earth again arose above the deep
 Enveloping her loftiest mountain tops,
 And from the ark, the messenger of peace—
 By earth's new lord sent forth—a resting place
 With weary pinion many a league had sought,
 Did thy green twigs that resting place afford?
 Why answerest not, old patriarch of Time,
 Mute chronicler of scenes long since passed by?
 Have years bereft thee of the powers of speech;
 And art thou, too, like that young, beauteous world,
 Whose dawn and primal ruin thou hast seen,
 To ruin more complete fast verging on?
 Alas! 'twere sad that thou should'st ne'er behold
 The closing twilight of that day, whose dawn
 Creation marked, and on thy youthful brow
 The record of that scene inscribed.



From the New York Mirror.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

THIS book is all that's left me now!
 Tears will unbidden start;
 With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
 I press it to my heart.
 For many generations past
 Here is our family tree;
 My mother's hands this Bible clasped;
 She, dying, gave it me.
 Ah! well do I remember those
 Whose names these records bear;
 Who round the hearth-stone used to close
 After the evening prayer,
 And speak of what these pages said,
 In tones my heart would thrill!
 Though they are with the silent dead,
 Here are they living still!
 My father read this holy book
 To brothers, sisters dear;
 How calm was my poor mother's look,
 Who learned God's word to hear.
 Her angel face—I see it yet!
 What thronging memories come!
 Again that little group is met
 Within the halls of home!
 Thou truest friend man ever knew,
 Thy constancy I've tried;
 Where all were false, I found thee true,
 My counselor and guide.
 The mines of earth no treasures give
 That could this volume buy;
 In teaching me the way to live,
 It taught me how to die.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.*

IN this state of mind, not having fully attained the object of my expectations and wishes, but still greatly in advance of my former Christian experience, and with a fixed determination to persevere, I left the city of New York about the middle of January, 1840. Immediately after my arrival at my residence in the state of Maine, I united with some Methodist brethren in establishing a meeting similar to those which had benefited me so much in New York, for the purpose of promoting personal godliness, and which was designed to be open to persons of all denominations of Christians. This meeting was very encouraging to me and others. Nevertheless, I was not able for about two weeks to profess the personal experience and realization of the great blessing of holiness as it seemed to be experienced and realized in others. The principal difficulty, as I daily examined my heart to see how the case stood between my soul and God, seemed to be a consciousness, while other evils were greatly or entirely removed, of the remains of SELFISHNESS. Indeed, at this particular time, the selfish principle, or rather the principle of self-love, in its inordinate and unholy exercise, seemed to be stimulated to unwonted activity. The remains of every form of internal opposition to God appeared to be centred in one point and to be presented in one aspect. I do not know that I was ever more troubled, during so short a space of time, with feelings of this nature. I do not mean to say that I was more selfish at this time than ever before; by no means. But the existence and horrible nature of this state of mind were more fully brought to view. I took this encouragement, however, that God was perhaps now showing me, as he often does when he is about to bless with entire holiness of heart, the very root of evil. And I was sincerely desirous to see and to know it, that it might be slain in his presence. The good hand of the Lord was pleased to sustain my faith in this sharp contest. My continual prayer to God was that he would enable me to love him with all my heart. I knew not fully what the nature of perfect love was; but my prayer was that this love, whatever might be its nature and its inward manifestations, might in God's time and way, be realized within me. And in the answer to this prayer, whenever it should be given, I confidently foresaw the termination of this internal conflict. For selfishness can never exist in union with perfect love.

On Sabbath evening, the 2d of February, I was greatly afflicted in mind; tossed to and fro as in a tempest; and it seemed to me that I could not easily stand where I was, but must either advance or retreat. But God's grace was sufficient. My

faith remained unshaken; and, on Monday morning, I thought I could say with great calmness and assurance, thou hast given me the victory. I was never able before that time to say with sincerity and confidence, that I loved my heavenly Father with all my soul and with all my strength. But, aided by divine grace, I have been enabled to use this language, which involves, as I understand it, the true idea of Christian perfection or holiness, both then and ever since. There was no intellectual excitement, no very marked joy, when I reached this great rock of practical salvation. The soul seemed to have gathered strength from the storm which it had passed through on the previous night; and, aided by a power from on high, it leaped forward, as it were by a bound, to the great and decisive mark. I was distinctly conscious when I reached it. The selfish exercises which had recently, and, as it were, by a concentrated and spasmodic effort, troubled me so much, seemed to be at once removed; and I believed, and had reason to believe, that my heart, presumptuous as it may appear to some to say it, was now purified by the Holy Spirit and made right with God. I was thus, if I was not mistaken in my feelings, no longer an offering to the world, but SANCTIFIED UNTO THE LORD; given to him to be his, and no longer my own; redeemed by a mighty power, and filled with the blessing of "perfect love."

4. The enemy might now be said to be cast out of the interior of the castle. Nevertheless, he has never ceased his hostility. He has laid his snares and presented his temptations. It would be presumption to assert positively that I have never in any case, nor for any length of time yielded to his power. But I can testify abundantly to the goodness of God's grace, that he has heard the voice of my prayer, and in a wonderful manner preserved me. Certain it is that my spiritual life has been a new life. There is calm sunshine upon the soul. The praise of God is continually upon my lips. I have continually what seems to me to be the WITNESS of the Holy Spirit; that is to say, I have a firm and abiding conviction that I am wholly the Lord's; which does not seem to be introduced into the mind by reasoning, nor by any methods whatever of forced and self-made reflection, and which I can ascribe only to the Spirit of God. It is a sort of interior voice which speaks silently but effectively to the soul, and bids me be of good cheer. At times, especially on the 14th of February, 1840, I experienced some remarkable operations on my mind, which made a profound and lasting impression. Language would be but a feeble instrument in detailing them, and I will not attempt it. Indeed, I do not know but I must say with the apostle, "whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell." But in view of what I then experienced

* Concluded from page 22.

and have experienced at other times, I cannot help saying with the apostle, "God hath also sealed us, and given us the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts."

I could speak of many remarkable deliverances and supports in time of mental trial. God has ever been with me, in time of trouble, a "faithful God." But these and many other things which have called forth the deep gratitude of my heart, I am compelled to omit. I cannot refrain from saying, however, that almost from the very moment of my obtaining the victory over those selfish feelings which have been spoken of, I was distinctly conscious of a new but powerful and delightful attraction toward the divine mind. This, I believe, is a common form of interior experience among those who have enjoyed the blessing of sanctification. I perceived and felt very distinctly that there was a central existence, full of all glory, toward which the Spirit was tending. I could realize the meaning of the Psalmist, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." I felt like an imprisoned bird when the string is cut that bound it to the earth, and which soars upward and spreads its wings to the skies. So conscious have I been that inordinate self-love has been the great cause of the separation between my soul and God, that the very idea of self as distinct from God is almost painful to me. When self is destroyed, the divine union, which sanctified hearts only know, takes place. If I know any thing, I know most certainly that the true resting place of my soul is and must be in the infinite mind; that it is not and cannot be any where else. Perhaps no part of the Scriptures, during the more recent periods of my experience has more affected me than the prayer of the Savior for his disciples, "That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be ONE IN US." It is difficult for me to conceive of any heaven but God's presence; of any hell but his absence. I realize that the cup of my happiness is full, whatever may be my personal trials and sorrows, whenever and wherever my heavenly Father is glorified in me. Accordingly, it is my earnest and constant prayer, that my will may be wholly and for ever lost in the will of God, and that I may never know self any more, except as the instrument of the divine glory.



THE Vicar of Bray changed his religion several times during his life-time to promote his own schemes of ambition. When asked why he did so, he answered, "I cannot help that; but if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle, which is to live and die Vicar of Bray."

THE WIFE.

AND after all, what is it that man seeks in the companionship of woman?—an influence like the gentle dew, and the cheering light, more felt throughout the whole of his existence, in its softening, healing, harmonizing power, than acknowledged by any single act, or recognized by any certain rule. It is in fact a being *to come home to*, in the happiest sense of that expression.

Poetic lays of ancient times were wont to tell how the bold warrior returning from the fight, would doff his plumed helmet, and reposing from his toils, lay bare his weary limbs that woman's hand might pour into their wounds the healing balm. But never wearied knight, or warrior covered with the dust of battle-field, was more in need of woman's soothing power, than are those care-worn sons of toil, who struggle for the bread of life, in our more peaceful and enlightened days. And still though the romance of the castle, the helmet, the waving plume, and the

"Clarion wild and high,"

may all have vanished from the scene, the charm of woman's influence lives as brightly in the picture of domestic joy, as when she placed the wreath of victory on the hero's brow. Nay, more so; for there are deeper sensibilities at work, thoughts more profound, and passions more intense, in our great theatre of intellectual and moral strife, than where the contest was for martial fame, and force of arms procured for each competitor his share of glory, or of wealth.

Among all the changes which have taken place in the condition of mankind, it is then not the least of woman's privileges, that her influence remains the same, except only as it is deepened and perfected as her own character approaches perfection. It is not the least of her privileges, that she can still be all to man which his necessities require; that he can retire from the tumult of the world, and seek her society with a zest which nothing can impair, so long as she receives him with a true and faithful heart—true to the best and kindest impulses of which her nature is capable; and faithful to the sacred trust committed to her care.

And that it is so, how many a home can witness—how many a fireside welcome, how many a happy meeting after absence painfully prolonged! Yes, there are scenes within the sacred precincts of the household hearth, which, not the less, because no stranger's eye beholds them, repay, and richly too, dark days of weary conflict, and long nights of anxious care. But who shall paint them? Are they not graven on the hearts of wives? and those who hold the picture there, in all its beauty, vividness and truth, would scarcely wish to draw aside the veil which screens it from the world.—*Mrs. Ellis.*

Original.

POPULAR DELUSIONS.

BY L. M. LAWSON, M. D.

COULD we find a universal test for truth, or a process of ratiocination, by which correct conclusions could always be attained, the destiny of man would be full of promise. But age after age rolls by, and on the broad bosom of time the cherished opinions of past periods are borne to the ocean of oblivion, and lost in the depths of forgetfulness. Think not, however, that truth is unknown—on the contrary, certain combinations of facts, termed science, have survived the ravages of time, and will remain as a guide for ages to come.

Delusions often spring from the misinterpretation of facts. It is a truth not usually appreciated, that erroneous conceptions more frequently flow from palpable facts than from all other sources combined; for, however addicted we may be to theorizing, our speculations are always based upon certain positive and admitted truths. Thus the rude savage witnessing the subtil power and vivifying influence of the sun, seizes upon that fact, and deduces from the premises the existence of a supreme Being, who demands his adoration. From the fact that a voice issued from the Oracle of Delphi, the superstitious multitude placed implicit confidence in the preternatural wisdom of an inanimate image. The Mohammedan reposes confidence in his religion from the existence of certain facts connected with its origin. The Mormon adheres to his system of religion from the assumed fact that a new bible has been found, teaching its doctrines. Other illustrations are not less pertinent. Thus, in government, the advocates of monarchy oppose republicanism, because it has heretofore proved unstable, and perished. In some departments of philosophy certain facts and phenomena, isolated in themselves, and pointing only to relative states, have been seized upon, and deductions foreign to the actual indices have been made. Thus have Phrenology, Mesmerism, Homœopathy, etc., sprung into life.

Ignorance of the nature and import of physical phenomena often occasions a misinterpretation of facts. Thus, what has been termed *mirage*, or a representation in the air of objects on the earth's surface, upon certain principles of reflection and refraction of light, have become the source of the greatest alarm and most superstitious apprehensions. The noted spectre of the Brocken is an illustration of these delusions. It is a remarkable circumstance that some of the ablest philosophers have been misled by the delusion adverted to; for example, Lord Bacon believed in ghosts, and Dr. Johnson in witches.

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It is taught, as a law of physics, that annihilation is impossible. Forms may be changed; but it is denied that existence can be annulled. The dew drop that sparkles in the morning light is rapidly dissipated by the heat of the sun; but it is not destroyed; and in time that same dew drop may again descend and moisten the same flower from which it was exhaled. Fire may change the form of bodies exposed to its action, but those bodies are not annihilated, and perhaps never can be, but they exist in a new and often in a refined state.

In view of the mutable but indestructible nature of terrene substances, certain philosophers have assumed that the cessation of life in organized beings—animals and vegetables—is not the termination of their existence, but only constitutes a change in the form or state of life, resulting in a condition relatively elevated. The truth, however, is far short of the transcendental views based upon the abstract fact of the indestructibility of natural objects; and, although the catenation of events connected with the nutrition and existence of animals, vegetables, and minerals is of a remarkable and interesting character, yet it fails to establish the views to which we have adverted.

It is an acknowledged truth that animals cannot be sustained by inorganic or mineral substances; but their nutriment must be derived from organized products; that is, from animal or vegetable substances. But, on the contrary, vegetables derive nourishment from minerals; and, as *they* can sustain animals, we are put in possession of a connecting and conservative link between two great departments of nature—inorganic and animal bodies—by which the latter are preserved.

Were it not for the beautiful and grand provision of nature, thus called into requisition, animated beings would be swept from the face of the earth. When the vital principle leaves the body, or, in other terms, when the animal is dead, chemical laws assume control over the constituents of the body, and the entire physical structure is resolved into inorganic compounds. Now, as animal life cannot be sustained by the products of the dead body, they being inorganic, or by other mineral substances, it necessarily follows that a total extinction of animal life would speedily ensue, were it not for the existence of the intermediate link (vegetation) through whose agency minerals are prepared for animal sustenance.

It will at once be inferred from the preceding data, that the creation of vegetables must have preceded that of animals—a postulate which beautifully accords with sacred history. Vegetables, as already intimated, seem designed to so modify the mineral kingdom as to prepare it for the support

of animal life. One of the most interesting and curious facts in nature is the almost complete identity, in elementary composition, between the various substances—mineral, vegetable, and animal. But, notwithstanding this very remarkable fact, the animal can be nourished only through the medium of the vegetable kingdom, although really deriving its sustenance through an intermediate process from minerals. Thus various earthly substances, salts, and even iron, are found in the animal body, which are undoubtedly derived immediately from vegetables, but remotely from the earth. Hence the force of the declaration in relation to every animal—"Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

It is obvious, from the preceding views, that the chemical elements formed by the decomposition of animal bodies may be appropriated to the sustenance of vegetables, and that the elements of our bodies may, after death, contribute to the development of a delicate flower, or a forbidding thorn; and these in turn may contribute to support animal life. The earth upon which we tread may, in the mutations from life to death, become a constituent of animal life, and the unorganized matter which we view with indifference may become the component of the most gorgeous flower or perfect animal. But one important fact must always be borne in mind when we trace these mutations to their connecting media, which is, that the matter entering into the composition of the new being not only loses all identity, in reference to its original compound attributes, but also all possibility of any degree of retrospective consciousness is totally lost. Hence, the supposed change of one animal into another species is a mere romance of philosophy. This is the whole extent to which the philosophy of transmutation can extend, however palpable the facts, or specious the arguments may seem to be upon which its dogmas rest.

The delusions in mental philosophy and physical science, flowing from misconstrued facts, may be referred to two general heads: 1. The transcendental. 2. The partial. By the first we mean an inappropriate and extravagant application and extension of ordinary principles to extraordinary subjects; or, as frequently happens, a total perversion of the true import of ordinary facts. By the second division we mean the isolation and partial application of facts, by which their true relations are perverted, and their qualifying agency destroyed.

The present age has been termed an epoch of practical philosophy; that is, the sciences, instead of relying on theoretical speculations and metaphysical deductions, are based upon palpable facts and experimental proofs. But fatal errors are concealed beneath this specious panoply. As the

proper comprehension of compound colors demands a separate and appropriate consideration of the several prismatic rays of light, so, in philosophical deductions, each fact must be duly estimated in both its separate and combined relations, and its essential and qualifying attributes fully appreciated, to insure correct conclusions. Facts are mistaken for principles, falsehood for science, and practiced errors for experimental teaching. Hence, we are driven to the conclusion, that much of the philosophy of the present age is made up of ultra assumptions instead of practical truths.

Delusions also spring from combined facts, comprehensive views, and systematic investigation. Here the error usually lies at the salient point, something being assumed as a fact of a primary character which should have been placed in a secondary position. Take one example, recent and full.

Once upon a time, when the lights of science had radiated to the remotest lands, and nation talked with nation, as space yielded to the architect's power—when accumulated skill had wrung from unwilling nature almost the last relic of her arcana—when mind had solved the last metaphysical problem, and man looked through nature up to nature's God with the joyous hope and the brightest visions of future days, suddenly a wild note of alarm came swelling on the breeze. A man of reverend years computes the chronology of the world, past and future; and as he looks down the vale of time to "the end," and back through the dimly lighted avenues of the past, with seer-like words he breathes forth the "midnight cry," and proclaims the near approach of the judgment. Old men start from their couch—the young pause in their giddy race—the anxious matron and the timid damsel cling convulsively to expiring hope—the Christian doubts, believes, hopes, fears, or, in some cases, knows not what he does—the infidel—deluded soul!—starts with amazement—convert after convert writes his name in delusion's book, and the throng swells like stormy ocean waves. See yonder dark landscape, as the gloom of night spreads over the clear face of nature, and the objects are clothed with a mantle forbidding and black as Egypt's thickened air. But it lasts not long. The dark shadows flit away as the growing light fills the eastern horizon with the full blaze of morn. So in this instance. The diurnal revolution of the earth portrays the change from mental darkness. Time corrects errors, and the lights of reason will again beam where darkness and terror had reigned triumphant.

The deluded, as reason returns, thus catechise their leader: "Tell us how the earth sprang from the chaotic elements, and was made to obey the behests of her God, or the ordinance of nature.

Tell us whence the sun gathers his floods of light, that spread on, and on, yet lessen not. Tell us whence came that fiery orb which sweeps in circles round the sun, and flies in rapid course to creation's bounds. Tell us whence came ambient air, the pabulum of life. Tell us even when time assuredly began. Then mayest thou tell us when time shall *end*. But know that 'the words are closed and sealed up till *the time of the end*.' "

Delusion is stamped on nature's visage. It found its way into heaven, and wrought ruin in Eden. Angels were deluded into a belief that they could rise and rule in glory, and man was defrauded into a hope of obtaining unlimited knowledge. Delusion has, by the fall, become an element of man's intellectual nature, and, as if by contagion, invades even the brute's contracted sphere of instinct.

But notwithstanding the many delusions into which we are drawn by the misapplications of the human mind, still it is to be regarded as a bright oasis in the vast waste we contemplate. It is a gem, created as nought else has been, bright and glowing, yet dark, dismal, and unknown—the seat of hope, and yet of misery—the companion of earth, and also of eternity. It deceives and is deceived.

Man's mind is the glory of the creature universe. The universe, illimitable in resources, and unbounded in varieties, cannot furnish its compeer. It is eternal. Matter may perish, but mind shall endure. The ice-bound north, with its crystal cities, may crush man's frail body—the entombed fires of the volcano may burst from their caverns, and a fiery sea may roll over cities of life—the "spirit of the storm" may shriek in fancy's ear, and the confused elements join in a requiem over desolation's march; and as the tornado sweeps on, and the red lightning's wrath adds terror to the scene, and life after life may yield to the wild revel of the elements—as by all these means, and ten thousand more, man may be blotted from his earthly abode—mind lives on, vigorous and active, unharmed and immortal as its all-glorious Creator.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

THE bow of promise shines brightest on the dark cloud; and as its beauties are not derived from lines that separate its colors, but from the soft blending of its various hues, so let the Church united reflect the bright beams of the Sun of righteousness. And this shall be a sure sign in the heavens to an admiring world—this shall be the sure token of peace to a world too long distracted—this shall give the earnest that the last storm is about to break away, to be followed by the reign of light, and peace, and universal love!

Original.

THE DYING GIRL.

BY MRS. HOWE.

"TWAS summer evening, and the soft wind stole
With gentle breathings thro' the vines that clung
Around the simple lattice, bearing thro'
The thanks of many flowers.

Stretch'd on a couch,
Lay one, whose slow and heavy breathing told
That Death was there. The sufferer was young—
Some fourteen summers might have pass'd above
That sweet and child-like brow. The fair hair hung
About her neck in ringlets; but the damps
Of death had ta'en away their brightest gloss,
And loosen'd many of the golden links:
One pale, sad watcher, sat beside the couch—
That watcher was a mother. Who should watch
Her treasure but a mother? She could find
An answering echo in her own fond heart
To every pain that beats within her child's.
She felt that God had given to her charge
A bright, immortal gem—the time had come
When he should take his own; but, still, the tears
Well'd up within her heart, and found their way;
She wept, e'en while she felt, "Thy will be done!"
She wept in sweet submission—"Jesus wept!"
The sufferer moves, and opes her sunken eyes,
Beaming with joy; and, as she twines her arms
Around her mother's neck, she softly speaks:

Dear mother, weep not! I have dream'd

Of that bright world to which I go:

Methought the angels' faces gleam'd

Beside the river's crystal flow—

The glorious streams of paradise

Were open'd to my longing eyes—

There the bright river that makes glad

The city of the living God;

And up and down its verdant marge

The saints and glorious angels trod—

And there life's tree—the fadeless tree—

Yielding its healing fruit for me!

I have been nature's worshiper,

And lov'd her bright and lovely flowers;

But, O! my heart hath never dream'd

Of such as grow in heavenly bowers;

And yet my soul has oft been stirr'd

To glorious dreams, by God's own word!

Hark! to the music, as they come

To bear my fainting spirit home;

But, O! 'tis nothing to the notes

That swell above, in heaven's high dome!

Dear mother, we shall meet again

Where love will wear a brighter chain!

Her arms dropp'd heavily—one fluttering breath
But faintly stirr'd upon the mother's cheek,
And with that breath the soul went forth to God!

Original.

CHILDREN CAN REMEMBER.

How sacred is the name of parent! How strong the tie of consanguinity! I was less than five years of age when my father died; yet do I recollect and fondly cherish the few disjointed images of him which haunt my memory; and out of these—and perhaps I could tell them all in twenty words—I have made both a character and a picture. Neither is there any distortion of circumstances, or any fallacy of love in the painting. The point to which I would draw the parents' notice, is to show at how very early an age the infant's attention may be engaged and fixed—the outward senses arousing the mind, and even the taste, and gathering in images, which, at some subsequent date, may be speculated upon, and resolved into ideas.

My mother's chamber was hung around with colored prints of birds—a half dozen around the room. The first recollection I have of my father is of his holding me in his hand, like a chair, (and I must have been *very* young to have been so accommodated,) and dodging me up, as he passed round the room, to each several picture. I have often reflected upon this; and I suppose that the excitement, and a small degree of terror experienced, aroused the mind, and fixed the memory of the thing. Even this, perhaps, at so very young an age, would have been obliterated, but for the circumstance of my being, for several years, accustomed to the same room, with the same pictures hanging there. Another idea I will not fail to notice, which is, that this novel excitement was perhaps not altogether salutary, but was, at the time, too much and too sudden, as it were, for my weak powers, inducing in my character, ever after, more timidity than is necessary to most occasions. However this may be, the instance is distinctly remembered, and with it the image of my father, laughing each time with reiterated delight, to make me laugh. From this I infer his parental fondness, and the unbent tone of his spirits; and, also, no small degree of personal activity and muscular strength. He was a small, firm set man. I was, as I have said, a babe when I then saw him; now I can give names to the images which I then took in at the eyes only, without further perception.

The next instance I can remember was, of all the family's sallying out, en masse, from the country house to gather strawberries. I can now see father, mother, brother, and sisters, and servants, straggling one after the other down the glade where the strawberries were found. To supply so many with baskets, and bowls, and mugs, had drawn hard on our little rustic pantry; so a servant, in her haste, and thinking, I suppose, it was a mere formality what I had for my berries, had given me

a pretty large funnel to hold them. Nevertheless, I contrived to pick some; but it required more contrivance than I had to retain them in this awkward vessel. My father, seeing my difficulty, first gave a hearty laugh, and then putting a finger in the funnel, he walked along with me, and we picked together.—I hear that merry laugh now; and I felt the kindness of his sympathy in relieving me from this burden of difficulty. I felt the importance of being so much noticed by my father, and I "loved to love" him.

Other instances, which I cannot recollect, must have supervened to have established strongly upon me a sense of his character in regard to its property of *truth*—which, although I was unconscious of the inference at the time, was no less logical for that, and was thus tested. We had returned from the country to our residence in town. It was a cold, cheerless looking afternoon in the autumn when we arrived. Although we had probably not been many months away, I was then too young to recollect the premises at once. The house, with its adjunct, was in the L form. And, as I returned from the kitchen, where I had been looking at an old servant who was mixing bread, my father lifted me into a chair by the window to amuse and keep me within the parlor. This window commanded the kitchen windows in the L of the house. I entreated my father to let me return there to see "Mammy Rose" again. He put me off several times, and finally told me that that was a naughty place, and the horses were there. (The reader thinks this a queer evidence of *truth*; but it was the *only* instance in which my father had ever falsified to me, and now he recalled it.) Now I had just left the spot, and possessed "locality" enough (though "locality" was not in fashion in those days) to have retraced my steps to where Rose was mixing bread. Yet mark the effect—I was sorely puzzled; for *I could not doubt my father's word*. And so I believe I pondered a moment, and then looked earnestly in my father's face. The appeal was to his *truth*. He instantly said, "Poor child! it is the kitchen; but you must not go there."

This trait of truth in my father's character my mother has confirmed to me—relating many instances in evidence of its vitality. One in proof of the reverence with which it was known to his children. A son, aged eleven years, having told him a falsehood, and fearing detection, walked twenty miles from the farm to town to avoid, or to defer the chastisement which he knew would follow *that* fault. And yet our father was lenient in proper instances.

I remember once of sitting at a reading stand by candle-light; and my father showing me some pictures in an old fashioned edition of Virgil, and one representing the infernal regions, which were divi-

ded from the earth by a large curtain, which was looped up, not in a very enlightened taste, by two enormous eyes. This picture had a mysterious, occult look, which frightened me with a vague and horrid fear. My father, to divert me, and change my tone, then put his hand over the candle, and directed my attention to its shadow on the top of the wall. How distinctly I see that hand now! Its form and its proportions will never be obliterated from my mind. And, as he would elevate or lower it, the shadow on the wall was lessened or enlarged to my wondering sight. This incident is interesting to me as connected with the memory of my father, and may be to the reader, as attesting to the perfection (with sufficient *attention*) of the outward senses in early infancy.

Some months after this, probably, had elapsed; and I saw my dear father on a bed of sickness. The weather was very hot, and he had a raging fever. I could not appreciate his sickness, but remember feeling very sorry for him when he entreated for cold water, which the physician would not permit him to have—it was the practice of that date. My mother and the family passed softly and sadly about the room; and once, for a moment or two, a green bough was placed in my hand for me to brush away the flies from about the bed. My beloved father turned his dying eyes upon me, and exclaimed, "Why, it is my dear little child that is nursing me!" I was gratified at the commendation, and at the animation of the tone. I remembered the look and the tone; and since then have inferred much of the self-forgetting, even pain-beguiling love of the parent's heart.

It was perhaps a few days after this that I was called into a parlor seldom used. In the middle of the room, on a long table, was a coffin! My mother stood by weeping vehemently. My grandmother, of blessed memory, took us each, poor orphans, in her arms, and lifted us up to the coffin, and told us to look, for it was the last time we should ever behold our dear father again in this world.

I had a very indefinite idea of death, and no conception of my loss; yet I was solemnized at the sadness of the scene, and touched at my mother's grief. And, although I had loved my father very much, yet now there was no life to engage my sympathies. Childhood is yet incapable of esteem, and its love, though sincere, is quickly forgotten, requiring renewed caresses again and again, to re-establish it, before it becomes confirmed into a principle.

My father's was an interesting countenance. I know this, for I can now recall all its lineaments, with its expression and its sincere, beautiful smile. I have ever loved to retrace in this or the other of his children a likeness. Still better have I loved, in a by-gone day, to hear my mother tell which

or which most resembled him in this or that trait of character. I once heard her relate that, in his last illness, which was of fourteen days only, when he became aware that he was about to die, he observed to her, "Since it is the will of the all-wise God to withdraw one of us from our young family, I am best satisfied that it is myself, both because it is proper that I submit to his decree, and because, as regards our children, the property, which is looked to, is mostly on your side the house." There was much magnanimity in this expression. The idea had probably been revolved many times before it shaped itself in the sincere tones of truth. He besought my mother to "bring up the children well," and himself died, in the faith, trusting and loving God.

Many a juvenile reader, loving her parents as much as I did mine, may have better opportunity of enjoyment and filial reverence. I have not here spoken of my mother. She blessed the lives of her children for many years, being no less beloved and no less sincerely valued by us all than our father had been.

What a duty and a privilege it is to guide and cherish the fond filial love which pliant infancy receives, and so, easily, to teach the young piety to God and to their earthly parent!



GOVERNMENT OF CHILDREN.

It is probably no uncommon thing for a woman to appeal to her husband, in the hearing of their children, to support her authority. This, I cannot help thinking, is one of the greatest mistakes she could make. He may, indeed, teach them the duty of respecting their mother; but for her, in their presence, to appeal for such aid, will be regarded by them as an acknowledgment of her inferiority in right or power to *command* their respect. And such an acknowledgment may detract more from their respect toward her, than his commands can possibly add. She must command respect by her own conduct and dignity mainly, if she is to hope for it at all. She is herself to repress their incipient disrespect, and herself to punish the transgression in her own way. And I may here add, that one of the forms in which she will be first called upon to suppress their disrespect, is in forbidding them to say *yes* and *no* to her. Never should she suffer the use of either these stout little Saxon words to her. The child may at first mean no harm; but the bad effect will soon be apparent in him. Nor is a lesson or two on the subject sufficient. The error must always be corrected on *the spot*, or the bad habit will be formed. And here is another point in which mothers are more apt to fail than fathers; and hence a great cause of their diminished respect.—*Rev. Ralph Emerson.*

THE WEARY FINDING REST.

THE following affecting story was related by Mr. Dudley, an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, at the anniversary of the Birmingham Sunday School Union

In the county of Kent lives or lived a clergyman and his lady, who took a very active part in the Sabbath school connected with his church. They had in the school a boy, the only son of a widow, who was notoriously wicked, despising all the earnest prayers and admonitions of the clergyman, who, out of pity for his poor widowed mother, kept him in the school eighteen months; at length he found it absolutely necessary to dismiss the lad, as a warning to others. He soon after enlisted as a soldier in a regiment that was soon ordered to America, it being during the last American war. Some time after, the poor widow called upon the clergyman to beg a Bible of the smallest size. Surprised at such a request from an individual who was evidently on the verge of eternity, and who he knew had one or two Bibles of large print, which she had long used to good purpose, he inquired what she wanted it for. She answered, "A regiment is going out to America, and I want to send it to my poor boy; and O! sir, who knows what it may do!"

She sent the Bible which the clergyman gave her, by a pious soldier, who, upon his arrival at their destination found the widow's son the very ring-leader of the regiment in every description of vice. After the soldier had made himself known, he said, "James, your mother has sent you her last present."

"Ah!" he replied, in a careless manner, "is she gone at last? I hope she has sent me some cash."

The pious soldier told him he believed the poor widow was dead; "but," said he, "she has sent you something of more value than gold or silver, [presenting him the Bible,] and, James, it was her dying request, that you would read one verse, at least, of this book every day; and can you refuse her dying charge?"

"Well," said James, "it is not too much to ask, [opening the Bible,] so here goes."

He opened the Bible at the words, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Well," said he, "that is very odd. I have opened to the only verse in the Bible that I could ever learn by heart, when I was in the Sunday school; I never could for the life of me commit another. It is very strange! but who is this *me* that is mentioned in the verse?"

The pious soldier asked if he did not know.

He replied that he did not.

The good man then explained it to him; spoke to him of Jesus, and exhibited the truth and invitations of the Gospel. They walked to the house of

the chaplain, where they had further conversation; the result was, that from that hour he became a changed man, and was as noted for exemplary conduct, as before he had been for his wickedness.

Some time after his conversion, the regiment in which he was, engaged the enemy; at the close of which the pious soldier, in walking through the field of blood, beheld, under a large spreading oak, the dead body of James, his head reclining on his Bible, which was opened at the passage, "Come unto me all ye that are weary," &c. Poor James had gone to his eternal rest.

Mr. Dudley said he had frequently held the Bible in his hand; there were no less than fifty pages stained with the blood of poor James. How encouraging, said Mr. D., is this for Sabbath school teachers to persevere; for, should there be but one seed sown, it might, as in the case of the widow's son, produce a plentiful harvest. The only verse he ever committed to memory was the means, in the hand of the Holy Spirit, of bringing him out of darkness into marvelous light; and James is now, we trust, joining the song of the redeemed in heaven.



CANNIBALISM.

CANNIBALISM, to a frightful degree, still prevails among the inhabitants of the Feejee Islands; and, as it would seem, almost as one of their highest enjoyments. The victims of this ferocious slaughter were regularly prepared, being baked, packed, and distributed in portions to the various towns which furnish warriors, according to their exploits; and they were feasted on with a degree of savage barbarity nearly incredible! They imagine that they increase in bravery by eating their valorous enemy. This Garingaria is a noted cannibal, and it is asserted that he killed one of his wives and ate her. This he denied, and accounted for her death (which took place violently by his order) on other grounds. He did not attempt a denial of his acts at Banga, nor did Philips. These occurrences are of late date. I am told they threw one or more of the heads (which they do not eat) into the missionary's compound. The population of the Feejees are very tall, far above the height of any other nation I have seen. Of five men assembled in one tent, none were under six feet two inches. It was rather an awkward subject to tax Garingaria with, in his own house, and solely attended by his own dependant, our interpreter; but he took it very quietly; and observed that he cared not for human flesh, unless it was that of his enemy taken in battle. When he used this expression, I could not help thinking I had better not make myself too hostile. I therefore bid him good evening.

Original.

ATHEISM.

PERHAPS a more lamentable instance of atheism is not recorded in the annals of modern times than that of Percy B. Shelley, the friend and boon companion of Lord Byron. Being of an ardent temperament he commenced his career as an author at the early age of fifteen, and continued it with more or less brilliancy until the close of his life, which occurred during a violent storm while on a sea excursion near the headlands that project from Leghorn into the Mediterranean. Immediately subsequent to his death, his poems were collected and published in volume form, between those of Coleridge and Keats; and as such, having been stereotyped, they have obtained a place in the choicest libraries.

A formal review of his works is uncalled for on the present occasion. To say that we admire the precision of his style, the originality of his thought, and the finish of his execution, is equally unnecessary. Those who have given the least time in examination of his productions, particularly *Cenci* and *Prometheus Unbound*, must acknowledge that he possessed the inspiration of poesy in a high degree. We do not consequently feel it incumbent on ourselves to discuss his claims to authorship, nor have we any disposition to enhance or diminish the admiration which they, as literary productions, may receive; we speak simply of their moral tendency, and this we claim the prerogative to discuss so long as they are permitted to be before the public.

It cannot have escaped the observation of the reader of Shelley's works that in his several prefaces he endeavors to forestall criticism; not on what might be termed the blemishes of genius, but on the *moral sentiments* advanced and dextrously interwoven in his poems. He seems to have been conscious at times of the turpitude of his course; and fearful of animadversion or exposure, he strives, by raising the hue and cry of *superstition*, to silence all remark respecting the preposterous notions contained in his creed. His biographer offers no defense of his conduct here; but regrets that one so full of ideal beauty and enthusiasm should have subjected himself to the accusation of being unable to conceive of the existing state of things as it practically affects the nature and condition of man.

At the University of Oxford he rendered himself notorious by publishing a pamphlet under the absurd and world-defying title of *THE NECESSITY OF ATHEISM*; for which he was expelled that institution. This event proved fatal to his prospects for life. Exasperated almost to madness by this "devilish movement of the University," as he terms his expulsion, he indulged in the bitterest rancor against its officers and faculty; and "bolstering himself up

under the idea of persecution for opinion's sake," he remained inexorable to the admonitions alike of friends and relatives. Notwithstanding the pertinacity with which he at first maintained his dogmas, it is to be surmised that after years convinced him of his grosser metaphysical errors, and that it was

"No pleasant voyage, to float
Like Pyrrho, in a sea of speculation."

His virulence somewhat relented, and he is said to have disclaimed being the author of certain profane expressions in *Queen Mab*, one of the most exceptionable of his poems. And from this circumstance we might feel inclined to forgive the iniquity of his youth. It should be recollected, however, that subsequent matters will not justify us in supposing that he was concerned about the laxness and infidelity of that poem, or that he suffered the least compunction for his sins and transgressions. If he experienced sorrow in having vilified the cause of virtue and religion, why was there no retraction? This he could have made in the following editions of that work; but we see nothing like it from his pen, and we are forced to believe that if he lamented any thing, it was the very unenviable position he occupied in the eyes of the community.

In point of style, *Queen Mab* may be inferior to the *Don Juan* of Byron, yet it is certainly not less unhinging and ruinous in its tendency. No intimation is given of the circumstance, but it is probable that this poem is founded on a meagre skeleton of Volney's *Ruins*; for it arrives, although in a less logical manner, at the same notable conclusions, namely, that "necessity is the mother of invention," and that "there is no God." In the notes appended to it, the author affords numerous and unequivocal proofs of his depravity. He seems to stand alone. His heart seems *totally depraved*; his thoughts are evil and evil continually. His language is the language of defiance and scorn. In fact there is nothing in the recklessness of Tindal, or the ribaldry of Paine, that will compare with the foulness of this vile blasphemer. He condescends indeed to speak of the Bible, not however that he may commend it, but to caricature it; not to attest its authenticity, but to evince his contempt for its commands and precepts. As an example of his rashness we have the following: "I had rather be damned with Plato and Lord Bacon than go to heaven with Paley and Malthus."

As a palliation of the enormities of Shelley, it has been alledged by some that in disposition he was ever mild and amiable; and although occasionally given to metaphysical revery, he was nevertheless remarkable for his complaisance and benignity of heart. This allegation, specious as it may appear, is absolutely groundless, having no foundation either in honesty or truth. Anxious as was his

biographer to conceal his defects, and make his life upright and honorable in the sight of men, he was compelled to pronounce him often silent, sombre and misanthropic. There are points in his private history which afford mournful evidence that "he lived as the fool liveth." But we forbear to mention them.

The atheist, however much of humanity he may boast, is still the same heartless being, the same cold-blooded, gloomy speculator, the same determined foe to happiness,

"——the devil's pioneer, who cuts
The fences down of virtue, saps her walls,
And opes a smooth and easy way to death."

After he has destroyed our belief in a superintending providence, after he has persuaded us that the prospect of an hereafter is but "the baseless fabric of a vision," after he has taught us to despise the precepts, ridicule the doctrines, and brave the threatenings of the word of God, after he has succeeded in making us believe that this earth upon which we dwell is nothing more than a vapor eddying in the whirl of chance, undestined, uncompassioned, unupheld, and after he has wrung every drop of consolation from our souls and dried up our very spirit within us, then he leaves us—leaves us in despair—leaves us to wander on in night without a guide, without a ray to light our path, without a hope to cheer our gloom.

"Ah me! the laureled wreath that murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, or so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the skeptic's head."

From such philosophy, and from such comforters may Heaven preserve us! "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united!" E. H.

DEATH OF THE YOUNG.

BEAUTIFUL is that season of life when we can say in the language of Scripture, "Thou hast the dew of thy youth." But of these flowers death gathers many. He places them upon his bosom and his form is changed to something less terrific than before; we learn to gaze and shudder not, for he carries in his arms the sweet blossoms of our earthly hopes; we shall see them again, blooming in a happier land. Yes; death brings us again to our friends—they are waiting for us, and we shall not be long—they have gone before us, and are like angels in heaven. They stand upon the border of the grave, to welcome us with countenances of affection, which they wore on earth, yet, more lovely, more radiant, more spiritual. Death has taken thee, too, sweet sister, and "thou hast the dew of thy youth;" he hath placed thee upon his bosom, and his stern countenance wore a smile.

The "far country" seems nearer, and the way less dark, for thou hast gone before—passing so quickly to thy rest that day itself dies not more calmly. And thou art there waiting to bid us welcome, when we shall have done here the work given us to do, and shall go hence to be seen no more on earth.—*Professor Longfellow.*

WRONG MOTIVES.

WE are too apt to offer children wrong motives, or inducements; that is, we make a wrong use of things good in themselves. For example, how often have I heard a Christian mother say to her child, "For shame, you disgrace yourself before your uncle," or, "You ought to be ashamed to be seen doing so"—instead of teaching the angry or disobedient child that he sins against God! It is certainly right to inculcate respect for relatives, and a desire to enjoy their good opinion; but it is very doubtful if such remarks as the above promote that end any better than they do the other, which the mother has in view, namely, the supplying a sufficient motive for good behavior.

Again, parents say, "Study hard, that you may be distinguished." "Be a good boy, that every one may admire and love you." "Correct your temper, or you will be called *cross patch*." "How can you be so *mean* as to cheat—no one will respect you."

This may be all well; but it would be far better to teach your children that God has given them faculties to be improved, which they are bound to cultivate, and that they are responsible to *him* for the use they make of them. It would be far better to teach them that the sinfulness of their evil tempers and habits consists, first of all, in their being displeasing to God, and contrary to his revealed will. "Study that you may become useful." Correct your temper, because angry passions are hateful to God," &c.—*S. S. Journal.*

WHERE SHALL I SPEND ETERNITY?

A LADY had written on a card, and placed on the top of an hour-glass in her garden-house, the following simple verse from one of the poems of John Clare. It was the season when the flowers were in their highest glory:

"To think of summers yet to come,
That I am not to see!
To think a weed is yet to bloom
From dust that I shall be!"

The next morning she found the following lines, in pencil, on the back of the same card:

"To think, when heaven and earth are fled,
And times and seasons o'er;
When all that *can* die shall be dead,
That I must die no more!
O! where will then my portion be?
Where shall I spend eternity?"

Original.
BAPTISM.

—
BY THE EDITOR.
—

WE have received a letter of objections to the views expressed in our December number on this subject. The author seems at a loss what estimate he shall set upon that brief article. At first he assures us that our "views are nothing new; nor are the arguments—they have been answered often." But, in another section of his letter, he tells us that our "reply is very ingenious." Surely, he must have been exceedingly unsettled in his opinion of the value of our performance. Another paragraph of his epistle reads thus: "If you agree that immersion is valid baptism, it requires the sacrifice of conscience not in the least to unite with the Baptist brethren."

To this we reply, first, that, though we admit immersion to be a valid baptism, we do not believe it to be the *apostolic* usage, nor a *convenient* form; that is, so far as ceremony is concerned, we do not believe it is either *Scriptural* or *expedient*. Secondly, we deny that one class of Christians ought to yield to another class in all matters that are not sinful, for the sake of denominational union. Nor would the immersionists act on this principle in several cases which we may suppose. For instance, if a party amongst them were to introduce "feet washing" as a religious rite, and secede from all those of the sect who should refuse to recognize it as obligatory on modern Christians, would the hundreds of thousands of their brethren join these bigots merely because there is nothing sinful in washing "one another's feet?" These schismatics might turn to their brethren, as this letter writer does to us, and say "it requires the sacrifice of conscience not in the least to unite with us."

But, further, is the *ceremony* of baptism the chief point of dissention between the immersionists and other Christians? Certainly not. Suppose we were to consent with them in this matter, what is to be done with *infant* baptism? Can they expect, for a moment, that we should proceed to the length of shutting our children out of the kingdom of God for their accommodation? Just as likely should we be to turn all Friends, and absolutely give up the sacrament. We would not give a groat for the privilege of electing between the abolition of the sacrament altogether and the refusal of it to our children. The invitation by immersionists, therefore, to join them, because dipping is confessed to be a valid baptism, may be illustrated thus. Two boats are launched from a wrecked vessel, one of which is occupied by half a dozen unmarried passengers, while the boat has a capacity for six or eight more. Three married gentlemen and

ladies, with four or five children each, are comfortably afloat in another safe craft. The single men call to the parents in the other boat, and inform them that they have still room for six grown persons, and, as their company would be very agreeable, urge them to forsake their own boat, and come aboard. "Have you room for our children?" the anxious parents all exclaim. "O, no!" say the first, "never mind the children—set them afloat, and God will take care of them." The parents, with one consent, refuse this cruel counsel. The unmarried men begin to "scull" their boat, and the others, with three good oars on each side, begin to row. The first boat goes heavily; yet, with much ado, is carried along toward shore. The other, with her three pairs of oars, sails easily, and shoots ahead. Every little while the bachelors call out to these families, and say, "Ho! there—don't be so bigoted. We have room for you here. Why will you not come aboard?" The response now is, "At first we had only one objection, namely, leaving our little ones behind; but since we have watched your motions, we have another trifling objection, namely, your laborious, inconvenient method of sailing. Why do you 'scull' rather than 'row'?"

Now, as to the *ceremony* of baptism, immersionists are in the inconvenient posture of the "scullers." To this we might not object as to a "mortal sin." Yet we prefer to be in the convenient and lawful condition of the "rowers," even on this non-essential point. But if they who labor the boat slowly forward with a mere stern power, should continue to challenge these parents, and say, "You confess that to scull as well as to row is sailing—come, therefore, and get into our boat," one obvious and insuperable obstacle remains, and they reply, "If we were ever so resigned to put up with your slow sailing, we wish you to recollect that in no case shall we consent to leave our dear children behind." So we reiterate—(and we trust immersionists will not overlook it)—"In no case can we consent to spurn an obligation as sacred, in our opinion, as divine authority unequivocally expressed can make it, and reject our children from the Church or kingdom of God."

There is one more paragraph in this letter which we shall freely animadvert upon; and as it is the summary objection to our article, in replying to it we consider that we reply to all. It is as follows: "But the New Testament decides for us the meaning of *baptizo*, (Rom. vi, 4, Col. ii, 12.) Whether these were the baptism of the Spirit or water they were a burial; therefore, *baptizo* cannot, in the opinion of Paul, denote sprinkling or pouring."

We rejoice that this correspondent engrosses all his arguments into this one proposition. It makes the issue a unit, which can be more satisfactorily

discussed than multiplied or diffused points of variance. To the general allegation that "the New Testament decides for us the meaning of *baptizo*," we most cordially assent. Whether that sacred authority decides the question as our correspondent alleges, we shall take the liberty to inquire with some deliberation. And, first, we will consider the proof texts which he seems to suppose must summarily settle the question. The first is Rom. vi, 4: "Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." The second is Col. ii, 12: "Buried with him in baptism, wherein also we are risen with him, through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead."

They who urge these texts in opposition to pouring, and in favor of immersion, suppose that by descending into the water, and rising out of it again, they copy the blessed Savior's burial and resurrection. How strange it is that they do not pause to look at the history of Christ's burial and resurrection, and thus correct an impression which has no other foundation than their own fruitful fancies. How, I pray you, was our divine Redeemer buried? Have you supposed that the earth overwhelmed him; that the clay, like waters, closed over his sacred person? His burial was much more like our repose in a chamber than it was like the usual interring of the dead. We are told in the history that Joseph wrapped the body in linen, and *laid* it in a sepulchre. This sepulchre was so spacious that on the morning of the first day of the week it was occupied by two angels, who were sitting the one at the head and the other at the foot where the body of Jesus was laid. What is there in immersion which bears the least resemblance to such a burial? The resemblance is just as striking as it is between immersion and the crucifixion, or immersion and planting in the next verses. The apostle represents us as *buried* with, as *planted* in, and as *crucified* with Christ by baptism. If immersion resembles Christ's burial, how does it represent the planting or crucifixion?

Suppose we should undertake to prove sprinkling from these texts of Scripture, by seizing on that particular passage, "Knowing this, that our old man is *crucified* with him," &c. When our Savior was crucified, his blood, pouring from his wounds, was sprinkled upon his own raiment. The crown of thorns, the nails in his hands, and the soldier's spear, stained his limbs, and countenance, and vesture. This was probably the very baptism to which he referred when he said, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened!" &c.

Much more plausibly may we plead for sprinkling,

then, because it resembles the crucifixion of Christ, than for immersion, because it resembles his burial, i. e., his reposing in a spacious sepulchre.

You may ask what is the meaning of these texts? We answer, if you insist that baptism represents certain states in which the body of Jesus was at different times, as his crucifixion, death, burial, &c., we should conclude that some of the Romans were immersed, some were sprinkled, some were poured, and some stood in the water while the ceremony was performed. Those who were immersed you may say, if you choose, were *buried* with Christ, (though that is the most awkward comparison of all.) Those who were sprinkled were *crucified* with him by water aspersion, resembling the blood from the wounds inflicted by the thorns, and the nails. Those who stood in the stream to be thus sprinkled were *planted* with him in the likeness of his death, like the roots of a tree planted in the soil. Thus the baptisms in the Church at Rome must have been as various, if this is the meaning of these passages, as they are among the Methodists. But, although we doubt not that their baptisms were various in mode, (though all one in regard to the name into which they were baptized, as it is said *one Lord, one faith, one baptism*;) yet we do not believe that these passages have any regard to external mode. They teach us simply that in our baptism we profess to be dead and buried to sin and to the world, and to be alive to holiness and to God. This is the foundation of a special claim upon us to "walk in newness of life." The import of the words is much the same as those in Gal. iii, 27: "For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ (i. e., by water and the Spirit) have put on Christ;" (i. e., have put on the profession, and have assumed the tempers of love and loyalty to Christ.)

We will now proceed to inquire as to the signification of the word *baptizo* in the New Testament. If, as immersionists fondly insist, it means, in the New Testament, "to immerse," and nothing else, then argument is good for nothing. This is a point which involves philological criticism; but if the writer were prepared for this, his readers are not prepared to go along with him. There is a more instructive and a surer method. It is an appeal to Christ and to the inspired philologists. They used Greek words and phrases in a sense in which they were never used before. Instance—"being born" Nicodemus did not understand. The question for the Christian and the Christian minister is not what is the *classical* import of words, but what is their *evangelical* import. The question is not how Homer, and Plutarch, and Sophocles used them, but how did our Savior and his amanuenses use them.

If there is no note of change in the meaning of

words, they are to be understood in their usual and classic sense. But if there be undoubted tokens that the inspired penmen, or the Divine Redeemer, used a word in an eccentric or unclassic sense, to array proofs to the contrary from the ancient usages of speech, is skeptical, indocile and profane. The only question for us then is, what do Christ and his disciples mean by the word *baptize*? Three baptisms are spoken of by John. These are distinguished by the elements with which they are performed. The first is by water, the second by the power of the Holy Ghost, the third by fire.

Now we can determine the meaning of the word *baptizo*, in the Scriptural sense, if we can ascertain how either of these baptisms was performed. In each case, an element is applied to the person of the baptized. We say, to the person, for *the soul and body both belong to the person*.

How, then, is the element used? Water is one element. The Scriptures are examined to ascertain how it was used, and a controversy arises. Some say it was used in one form, some say in another. Nine tenths of the Christian world insist it was applied in any convenient form and quantity; one tenth, more or less, say it was applied only by *immersion*. Who shall settle the question? and how? Any one may settle it by traveling on through the New Testament and ascertaining how the other baptisms were performed. What was the mode of baptism by the Spirit? To ascertain this you must go to Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost. After the company of the apostles have been baptized by the Spirit and are filled with the Holy Ghost, Peter stands up and says to the wondering multitudes who accused them of wine-bibbing, "These are not drunken as ye suppose; but this is that spoken by the Prophet Joel, And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will *pour out* my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy. And on my servants and on my hand-maidens, I will *pour out* in those days of my Spirit and *they* shall prophesy," (Acts ii, 17, 18.) And this is repeated in another form, verse 22, "Therefore (Jesus) being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, hath *shed forth* this, which ye now see and hear."

There are two other portions of Scripture which we wish you to connect with these passages, and we are sure that you can scarcely again, without great weakness, not to say irreverence, doubt whether pouring is *valid baptism*. The first is in Matt. iii, 11: "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: *He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.*" This is an early announcement of Christ's future office when he should ascend up on high to give

gifts unto men. The other is in Acts i, 5: "For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be *baptized with the Holy Ghost*, not *many days* hence." This is the language of Christ himself, uttered after his resurrection. And just as he was about to ascend into heaven, he said as his last words, "It is not for you to know the times and the seasons which the Father hath put in his own power; *but ye shall* receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is *come upon* you. Thus, three years before our Savior's crucifixion John says that Jesus shall baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Then, only ten days before Pentecost, Christ says, "Ye shall be *baptized with the Holy Ghost* not *many days* hence." And then again in the 8th verse, Christ signifies the form of that baptism which was so near: "Ye shall receive power after that the *Holy Ghost* is *come upon* you"—not when it has immersed you. Ten days after, *Pentecost* arrives, the promised baptism comes, and Peter, in the language of the Prophet Joel, says that this baptism is the *pouring out* of the Spirit—that "Christ having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, has *shed forth* this which you now see and hear."

In these passages we have the testimony of John, of Peter, and of Jesus Christ, to say nothing of the prophecy of Joel.

Jesus was to baptize. His baptism was to be spiritual. He never did baptize with water in any one instance. If he did not baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire, he never baptized at all. But unless *pouring* is baptizing, he never did baptize with the Holy Ghost. Every prophecy and every narrative in all God's holy book that speaks of any *manner or mode* of giving the Holy Spirit, uses language which signifies the descent of the Spirit upon the subject.

Now did Christ or did he not baptize? If he did, his only mode of baptizing was by *pouring*. And as *he thus* baptizes we follow his example.

The efforts of our opponents to escape the force of this argument, are enough to relax the muscles of grave logic into a smile. We will notice two of them.

First, they say that the disciples were really immersed in the Holy Ghost, for the narrative states that the Spirit filled all the house where they were sitting. This is a mistake. "The *sound* as of a mighty rushing wind filled all the house where they were sitting;" but there is not the least hint in regard to the Holy Ghost being present at all till the second verse after.

The other evasion is, that this is a mere *figurative* baptism. A figurative baptism! And who drew the figure? The Lord Jesus Christ. And he pictures himself as *shedding down*, and pouring out the Holy Ghost on the people to baptize them!

How do our opponents sketch the same scene? Instead of the element being poured out from above, they insist that we must drop the baptized, into the element beneath. As they picture it, all flesh is poured out into the Holy Spirit, instead of the Holy Spirit being "poured out upon all flesh." Christ says the Holy Spirit shall *come upon* the disciples, but they will have it that the disciples come upon (into) the Holy Spirit. Now whose authority shall we prefer, theirs or their Savior's? Indeed we will not hesitate. If our Savior's baptism be a figure, we thank him for a figure which fixes the true mode of baptism, and sets our hearts at rest for ever. For if it is a figure, water baptism is the substance, and although our consciences are not absolutely bound to it, yet it is decorous to conform the substance to the figure. In ministering the water baptism therefore, we prefer to pour, because *thus* our Savior baptizes.

There is another baptism mentioned by John, and narrated in Acts, which is by fire. And what is the mode. Cloven tongues like as of fire *sat upon* each of them? They were not immersed in fire. Here then we should expect controversy would end, and that the meaning of the word baptize as used by our blessed Savior would be settled for ever. We would as soon think of carrying a Greek Lexicon up to the throne of God, to teach the Almighty Savior what he does not understand, as to trifle with his holy word and example, by opposing the classical meaning of *baptizo* to his perpetual baptizing by pouring.

To this mode of determining the sense of *baptizo*, as used in the New Testament, what objections can be raised? We will conjecture as far as possible, and consider them one by one.

First, it may be said that we "mistake the genius or the force of the word *figurative*, as applied to baptism—that it is not a picture or shadow of the *form* of the substance; but is used rhetorically, whereas the above criticism assumes otherwise."

In answer to this objection we refer the reader to our correspondent's assertion: "Whether these were the baptism of the Spirit, or water, they were a burial," &c. Now if *we* mistake the force of *figurative* as applied to baptism, we merely follow precedent. Our antagonists lead the way. For in the above assertion it is evidently claimed that *burial* in the sense of immersion in the *Spirit's* baptism infers burial in the sense of immersion in the outward sacrament; or otherwise, it is claimed that if the baptism of the Spirit is by a designated mode, namely, *burial* or *immersion*, then water baptism is proved to be of like mode, namely, burial or immersion. Well then may we assume that the substance must be conformed to the shadow, (if shadow they will define it,) or the literal and sacramental to the figurative or spiritual. Our reply to

this objection is strengthened by the view which immersionists take of that passage which speaks of the Israelites as being "baptized in the cloud and in the sea." This it is said, (for some evasion must of course be invented in such a case,) "is a figurative baptism." And why, if figurative, do they not allow that most obvious construction of the passage, namely, that the spray from the watery walls on each side, and the rain from the cloud over their heads constituted this figurative baptism? Granting for a moment that this baptism *was* figurative, why object to sprinkling as its form? Evidently because they conceive that the *manner* of the *figure* is to determine the *manner* of the *substance*. We have only to say, what they grant by their criticisms on this passage, and only that, we take, in arguing the mode of water baptism, and the Scriptural meaning of the word from the form of the Spirit's baptism. We both alike assume that the figurative, pictures forth the manner of the sacramental baptism.

As we have not space to finish our remarks, the theme will be resumed in our next number.



THE CASE OF BACKSLIDERS.

THE case of backsliders has lately been much impressed on my mind. Great numbers, I am persuaded, are among professing Christians, some under this denomination. At present, I shall only offer three or four directions to the consideration of any whose case they may suit.

Every means should be used to stop the avenues of temptation, or prevent its coming in contact with evil propensities of the heart. If there be nitre in our habitation it becomes us to beware of fire. Such was the counsel of our Lord to his disciples in a season of peculiar danger. "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation." He had himself entered into that field, and came out a conqueror; but he knew what was in man, and counseled them rather to avoid than to court the contest. In cases where the heart begins to be seduced by temptation, it will soon become restless, solicitous, and importunate; it will moan after it, and be exceedingly fruitful in devices to get in the way of it. It will persuade conscience for once, at least, to be silent; it will blind the mind to the evil, and paint the desirableness of the good; and if all this will not do, it will promise to be only a looker-on, or that thus far it will go and no further. But if thou hast any regard for God or his cause, as for the welfare of thine own soul, "consent thou not." Whatever company, amusement, occupation, or connection, has frequently "caused thee to offend," that is the eye that requires to be plucked out, lest in the end thy soul bleed beneath the stroke of God's displeasure.—*Andrew Fuller*.

Original.
MUSIC.

MR. HAMLINE.—There is perhaps no one thing which exerts so great a power over the human mind as music. The great adversary, aware of this, has ever made it one of the most efficient means of promoting his own designs. The hero (often falsely so called) has acknowledged its power on the battlefield; and the songs of the Bacchanal have often lent a charm to the otherwise detestable scenes of intemperance. Where these may not enter, others no less corrupting, but far more insidious, find a hearty welcome. I refer to the whole class of sentimental songs which have literally deluged the music-loving community of late years. The greater part of these, I verily believe, exert a more deleterious influence than all the productions of Bulwer, Marryatt, and their compeers. In many cases the accompanying music is so touchingly beautiful, that even Christians tolerate the sentiment of the song for the music's sake. Cannot the beauties and soul-moving influences of the one be secured without the vitiating tendencies of the other? I believe it can. In a few instances the experiment has been most successfully made, by a substitution of words equally well adapted to the music, and not obnoxious to the objection just made. The accompanying piece is one of these. It was written (by a clergyman, I believe) for the beautiful air, "Long, long ago," doubtless familiar to all your music-loving readers. I do not think these words have been published this side of the mountains. I met with them in the east, some months since, and by request have been furnished with a copy. It is herewith copied for the Repository, in the hope that the example may be imitated by others who cultivate an acquaintance with the muses, and thus an excuse may be taken away for tolerating what every Christian in more retired and devotional moments must condemn. I have taken some small liberties with the author, which, however, I trust may be pardoned, and not render the piece less acceptable. The alterations are chiefly for the purpose of avoiding frequent repetitions.

EUSEBIA.

—
SHED NOT A TEAR.

SHED not a tear o'er your friend's early bier
When I am gone—when I am gone;
Smile if the slow-tolling bell you should hear,
When I am gone—I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand round my grave;
Think who has died his beloved to save;
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have,
When I am gone—I am gone.
Shed not a tear when you, lone, kneel in prayer
When I am gone—when I am gone;
Sing a sweet song such as angels may hear
When I am gone—I am gone.
Sing to the Lamb who on earth was once slain,
Sing to the Lamb who in heaven doth reign,
Sing till the world shall be filled with his name,
When I am gone—I am gone.
Plant ye a tree which may wave over me
When I am gone—when I am gone;
Sweet then the breezes soft music shall be
When I am gone—I am gone.
Come to its shade in a bright summer's day,
Come when the sun sheds his last lingering ray,
Come and rejoice that I thus passed away,
When I am gone—I am gone.

Original.

THE PASTOR'S RETURN.

—
BY MISS DE FOREST.

FROM the roaring of old ocean—
Howling wind and dashing sea—
From a world of wild commotion,
Once again thy face we see.
He who calms the stormy billow—
Binds at will its angry foam—
He hath watch'd thy nightly pillow
To insure thy *welcome home*—
Welcome home.

We have miss'd thy faithful dealing—
Miss'd thee as a heav'nward guide;
And perchance from holy feeling
Some of us have wander'd wide;
Now with joy our hearts are beating—
Now thou wilt no longer roam.
O how sweet the hour of meeting
When we give thee *welcome home*—
Welcome home.

Com'st thou bearing heav'nly blessings?
Let us each those blessings share;
Kind reproof, and prayer unceasing,
Watchful love, and tender care.
Gently cheer each right endeavor—
Warn the sinner of his doom—
Lest from his offended Savior
He should meet no *welcome home*—
Welcome home.

Dost thou view the garb of mourning?
Death hath enter'd in the fold;
Some who long'd for thy returning
Sleep in his embraces cold.
Blissful joys they now inherit,
Risen from the lowly tomb.
List! methinks each happy spirit
Swells our anthem—*Welcome home*—
Welcome home.

O that in yon world of glory
All thy fold may gather'd be!
O that each may tell the story
"Jesus, Jesus died for me!"
And, as down to death's dark Jordan
Tremblingly, our footsteps come,
May thy soul receive its guerdon—
May'st thou shout our *welcome home*—
Welcome home.



SOLITUDE.

My heart is easy and my burden light,—
I smile though sad, when Thou art in my sight;
The more my woes in secret I deplore
I taste Thy goodness and I love Thee more.

Original.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY BENJAMIN T. CUSHING.

A LOVELY bud from our pathway is gone—
A sweet, glad spirit for ever hath flown;
The accents are hushed of a gentle voice,
Whose innocent tones bade the soul rejoice;
Closed in death is an eye whose tranquil beam
Woke visions of hope with its cloudless gleam;—
And the heart, whose music had scarce begun
To beat for the race that was yet to run,
Pours not to the cheek its currents of bloom,
For its throbs are stilled in the voiceless tomb!
A grace is banished—a rapture o'er—
And a joyous smile we may view no more!

It seems to me now but a summer's day,
And scarcely so long, since that infant lay,
With tenderness clasped to his mother's breast,
Like a happy bird, in its leafy nest!
And that mother's spirit o'erflowed with joy,
As she gazed on the face of her darling boy;
And his tremulous fingers softly played
With the ringlets dark o'er her brow that strayed;
And he seemed to give from his pensive eye
To her earnest glances a deep reply,—
Till present and future alike grew bright,
In the mystic flow of her pure delight!

Once again I came, and the infant lay
On his mother's bosom—but not at play,
Gone now was each charm of his speaking face—
The rose-hue had vanished, with transient grace—
Slow, feebly and faintly his breathings came—
His life-lamp burned with a lessening flame—
Whilst the blue veins throbbed with a feeblér tide,
Like streamlets, whose sources the sun had dried;—
And the mother's eye, like a star whose light
Shines dim through the mists of the stormy night,
Was fixed on her babe, whilst the thronging fears,
Oped wide in her bosom its fountain of tears!

I looked once again, and the child was drest
In the snowy folds of his church-yard vest;
The orb that once glistened with bliss was hid
'Neath the jetty fringe and the pearly lid;
The ruby, bright red of his lip was gone—
His cheek was as cold as the Parian stone;
And he lay, (as his fingers pressed a flower
Culled fragrant and sweet from its woodland bower,)
As fair as the lily some hand hath shorn,
From its parent stem, in the blush of morn,
And robbed of its dew, in the burning ray,
Hath left it to wither and fade away!

And hung not the mother upon him then
Whom never, on earth, she might see again?
Dwelt not her gaze on each hallowed line,

Whence death had now taken the light divine?
Ah yes! she bent sadly beside the clay,
As robed for the grave it composedly lay;
Like a beautiful ideal, genius had caught,
And in the pale marble exquisitely wrought!
But, fairer than marble, around it still shone
A spirit-like glory, which yet had not flown,
But lingered, as if, all unwilling to roam,
His soul hovered fondly above its frail home!

But they took him thence to his dreamless rest,
Where the flowers will bloom o'er his sinless breast;
Where the bee will soar, and the gay bird sing
In the balmy breath of the gentle spring,
And the long grass grow, and the low winds sigh,
And the tear drops fall from the deep blue sky!—
But the friends who have loved him weep not now—
They feel, that like dew in the summer glow,
Which rises on high upon pinions of light,
His soul to its mansion hath taken its flight;
Like dew, for the gem of an hour it was given,
Like it, is recalled, all unsullied, to heaven!



From the Southern Literary Messenger.

"HOW CHEERING THE THOUGHT!"

How cheering the thought that the spirits in bliss,
Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this;
Will leave the bright joys of the mansions above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.

They come; on the wings of the morning, they
come,

Impatient to bear some poor wanderer home;
Some pilgrim to snatch from this stormy abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

They come, when that pilgrim has rested from
woe,

To gild the dark sky of the mourner below;
They smile on the weeper—and brightly appears,
A rainbow of hope through the prism of tears.

Their pinions, now fanning the fever of care,
Are winnowing fragrance from gardens of air;
Now, brushing from gladness each hasty alloy,
Bright sparkles they shed on the dew-drops of joy.

Prayer mounts on their wings in its heaven-ward
flight;

And blessings flash back on their pinions of light;
Each moment distils on some soul, as they rove,
Heart-nectar from heaven's alembic of love.

O! blessings upon them, wherever they fly,
To flower the earth, or set stars in the sky;
Heaven plume us, when parted from time and its
cares,

For rapturous flight and glad missions like theirs!

NOTICES.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED AND NEW PICTORIAL BIBLE. Number I. New York.—The first number of this edition of the Bible came to hand, much to our gratification, just in time to be noticed in our present issue.

It will be difficult to convey to our readers any just conception of the merit of this publication. Were it not the "Holy Bible," we should be disposed to proceed almost to the length of rebuking the publishers for the expensive preparations which this design must involve, and for the unreckoned outlays which will be demanded in its progress. But to inform our readers of the plan as correctly as we are able, this copy of the Bible is to be published in about fifty numbers, at twenty-five cents each. It will be printed from the standard copy of the American Bible Society, with Marginal References, Apocrypha, a Concordance, Chronological Table, List of Proper Names, General Index, Table of Weights, Measures, &c. It will be embellished with sixteen hundred Historical Engravings, with an Initial (engraved) Letter to each chapter. Of the embellishments more than fourteen hundred are from Original Designs.

With the first number before us, we will say that it is not only unsurpassed, but, as we believe, unequaled in the quality of its paper, in typographical and pictorial beauty, and, finally, in all that can please the eye and gratify taste. We hazard nothing in saying that, aside from its sixteen hundred engravings, (which, in variety of design and delicacy of execution, have never been equaled in any edition of the Bible,) no copy of the Scriptures can compare with this. Its impression is so clear that it might almost be easily read in a full moonlight. We can scarcely credit the fact that this publication will cost, in numbers, but about twelve and a half dollars—less than old editions, such as was published by Carey & Lea of Philadelphia, in 1815, with only eight or ten coarse engravings, and in paper and typography not to be compared with this. How the Harpers can afford to issue it at this price is to us inconceivable. We believe every family in which the Repository is read can afford to pay this price for so splendid a Bible. Its engravings will provoke both them and their children to study Holy Writ; and they will not only find the embellishments attractive, as specimens of art, but, like the notes of an expositor, illustrations of the text.

N. B. Having asked an intelligent friend if we have said too much in praise of this publication, the answer is, "You cannot say too much; for the press can never produce any thing superior to this."

Subscriptions received at the Cincinnati Book Concern.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE GERMAN MISSIONS IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, including an Account of the Christian Experience of some of the Converts from Popery and Infidelity, as furnished by themselves. By Rev. Adam Miller, German Missionary. Cincinnati: Wright & Swormstedt.—We have too hastily noticed this unpretending volume hitherto, and would now, as far as possible, atone for our mistake. It is a book for the heart, and no pious person can deliberately read it without feeling stirred up to thank and praise Almighty God. It commences with a chapter on Germany, its geographical position, its dialects, &c., and then speaks of immigration, and the char-

acter, morals, religion, and prospects of the Germans amongst us. It then goes on with the history of our missions. The first mission was commenced by Rev. William Nast (now editor of the Christian Apologist) in this city, in 1835. From this small origin the blessed work is traced, by brother Miller, in its progress and branchings out under the fostering care of Providence, to the year 1843. The last half of the volume contains the religious experience of several leading ministers and members converted from Romanism, rationalism, and infidelity; and we think no one can read these narratives without magnifying the grace of God. We deem these notices of God's gracious dealings with the Germans exceedingly instructive.

AN ALARM TO CHRISTIAN PATRIOTS.—This is a thanksgiving sermon delivered Nov. 30, 1843, in the Methodist Episcopal church in Winsted, Conn., by the pastor, Rev. D. W. Clark, A. M. It is founded on Prov. xiv, 34: "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people." The aim of its author is to "illustrate the doctrine of the text," present the "state of our own country," and inquire "what is duty in view of the exigencies with which we are surrounded." To illustrate the doctrine, he adduces the moral corruption and the depending destinies of several nations, as the Jews, and several ancient cities, such as Sodom and Gomorrah, with Babylon, Tyre, and Nineveh—glancing at the history of Egypt and of Greece, of Italy, and finally of atheistic France.

Under the second head he presents intemperance, political corruption, Sabbath breaking, and slavery, as the cardinal vices of our country. He insists that these threaten us as a nation with exemplary judgments from Almighty God.

In the third division of the sermon he urges the necessity of demanding the "repeal of all laws which favor vice," the "exclusion from office of unprincipled and wicked men," and the diligent use of corrective moral agencies for the reformation of the people. The views of the author, in relation to the principles of the divine government, and the fatal consequences of national corruption, are sound; and they are expressed with great force and propriety.

PRESCOTT'S CONQUEST OF MEXICO. Vols. II and III. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This history is written with great historical fidelity, in a style of chaste, and faultless propriety, clothed with all the interest of the boldest romance. These two volumes, like the former, contain splendid engravings, maps, and a copious index. See notice in our January number.

On sale at the Cincinnati Book Concern.

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, January 1844.—This commences a new volume. The work has been well sustained the last year. Its present number contains a likeness of the senior editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal. From a hasty glance at the articles, we presume that the Review does not decline in interest or merit.

GUIDE TO CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.—This excellent monthly is still issued from the press of D. S. King & Co., Boston. Though it fails to reach our office, we have so deep and abiding an interest in its success that we would still urge its claims upon the Christian public. Mr. Peck is now in this city, acting as agent, and will receive subscriptions. Price, one dollar per annum.

THE MOTHER'S PRACTICAL GUIDE IN THE EARLY TRAINING OF HER CHILDREN: containing Directions for their Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Education. By Mrs. J. Bakewell. From the Second London Edition. New York: Lane & Sandford. 1843.—This little book is designed to subserve the most useful ends in the training of children; and it was evidently written by one who had made herself well acquainted with her subject. We are sure that every mother who reads it will be better qualified thereby to execute the sacred trusts committed to her hand by the God of nature. Mrs. Bakewell thus discourses in the introductory chapter:

"To whom is the mother responsible? To her children. Should they arrive at maturity, and find that from her they have imbibed virtuous principles and good habits, they will joyfully acknowledge their obligations; should they, on the contrary, find that to her neglect they have to trace those head-strong passions and those vicious habits which are hurrying them to destruction, how bitterly will they reproach her! The world, too, may justly complain, if those whom she has been instrumental in bringing into existence should, through her inattention and indifference, become a curse and a scourge to their fellow men. The Church also may take up the lamentation of Jacob, and exclaim, 'Me have ye bereaved of my children.' The Church naturally looks to the children of religious professors for its members, its officers, and its ministers, and may justly reproach them if its hopes be blighted through their unfaithfulness.

"But O, ye mothers of our land, it is not by earthly tribunals alone that your maternal character will be judged. In that day, the great day of the Lord, you will have to give an account of the trust reposed in you. Your Judge will then say, 'You were commanded to train up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,'—and how will you answer? . . . I can dwell no longer on this solemn subject. Happy will that mother be, who, on that awful day, shall hear the approving sentence, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

SELECT LIBRARY OF RELIGIOUS LITERATURE. Philadelphia: James M. Campbell & Co.—Numbers eleven and twelve of this periodical have reached us, containing the lives of Pope Alexander and his son, Caesar Borgia. Notice is given with these numbers that the "Select Library" is discontinued. From the character of the work, and its low price to subscribers, we are surprised that there is not a demand for its continuance. It has afforded the public some valuable re-publications, and the "Lives of the Pope and his Son" is a picture of morals in connection with the successors of St. Peter well calculated to profit thoughtful readers. The flagitious career of Alexander, in concert with his fratricidal family, will scarcely find a parallel in the annals of crime.

DELINEATION OF ROMAN CATHOLICISM.—Dr. Elliott's labors are held in high estimation amongst our European brethren. The above work is now being issued from the London press in consecutive numbers, which regularly reach this office. The opinions of the best judges amongst our Wesleyan friends may be gathered from the following remarks in the London Watchman:

"At this critical period of the religious history of

England, when such strenuous efforts for the revival of Popish doctrines and practices surround us—and unhappily are not unsuccessful—we cannot but regard the publication of this work as an occurrence of considerable importance. Although we have already numerous books on the controversy between Protestants and the Church of Rome, we are not aware of the existence of any equal, in all respects, to this. The patient research, the indefatigable industry, the extensive learning, the facility in grouping facts and arguments derived from varied and distant sources, so as to make them bear with the fullest effect on the point in hand, the logical acuteness, discrimination, and force of Dr. Elliott, are here exhibited in a degree most creditable to himself, and beneficial to the cause of truth. He seems to have bent all the powers of his mind to the disclosure of the true character of the Papal Apostasy, and to have labored in his arduous undertaking with unremitting assiduity; and the result is a portraiture of Rome, the fidelity of which cannot be questioned, and which only needs to be impartially looked upon to excite contempt and loathing toward the Man of Sin."

We indulge the belief that this able work, embracing the fruits of so many years of industry on the part of Dr. Elliott, will not be neglected by the Methodist public. We think it should be made a text-book for undergraduates in all the conferences. It is a period in which the "man of God" should be "thoroughly furnished" on the subject of Papal heresies. And surely no production of the press is so suitable as this to be placed in the hands of those who must contend for the faith once delivered to the saints.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PROFESSORSHIP IN MIAMI UNIVERSITY.—It will be perceived that our faithful correspondent, Rev. G. Waterman, is announced in this number as "Professor" Waterman. In explanation we will say that he was recently elected to the Professorship of Mathematics in the above University. Mr. Waterman will take his station next spring, and spends the intermediate time in Kentucky. We thus early prefixed "Professor" to his name without his approbation, for which we ought, perhaps, to make atonement. We trust he will continue his valuable contributions.

MORRIS HIGH SCHOOL.—We are gratified to learn that this seminary for young ladies, established in the city of Louisville less than a year since, now numbers more than one hundred pupils, with the prospect of rapid accessions. The second session will commence on the second Monday in this month. The Principal will be prepared to accommodate one hundred and fifty pupils. He intends to have a department for teaching Modern Languages, viz., French and Italian, with Vocal and Instrumental Music, Painting, and Drawing. In this department the young ladies will be required to speak the French. The Principal of this flourishing seminary (Samuel Dickinson, Esq.) possesses all desirable attributes for the enterprise which he has taken in hand. He has been thus far patronized to the utmost extent of his hopes. He has a brightening prospect before him. With a faculty determined to employ the utmost diligence in sustaining the various departments, we doubt not the success and increasing usefulness of this young institution.